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A WATER LILY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

Floating on the mimic tide,
Flower of wondrous beauty rare,
Waxen leaved and golden eyed,
In yon shadow shining fair;
Queen of this sequestered pool,
Where stray sun rays only shine;
And the waters, clear and cool,
Bow in worship at thy shrine.

Like a silver star that gleams,
Inlaid in a shadowy sky,
Thy soft radiance gently beams,
Glancing from thy golden eye;
And the branches, reaching down
Long arms through the purple air,
Seem to hold a viewless crown
Over thee in waiting there.

Queen thou art here in thy place,
Where the waters smoothly glide,
Picturing thy perfect grace
In the clear, transparent tide;
With a background dark and bright,
Deepest brown and sweetest blue,
Spots of azure, warm with light,
Thick leaved branches shining through.

But an image passing fair,
Fairer, even, far than thine,
Shines within the clear pool there
Where the maid whose heart is mine—
Lily face and hair of gold—
Comes this way at noon to lave
Her soft limbs of wondrous mould
In the cool, encircling wave.

Tell me, Flower, how fair she is,
Tell me of her perfect face,
Of her arms, my heaven of bliss,
Tell me of her matchless grace;
Fairest Lily-flower is she—
Tell me of her bosom white;
Nay, such knowledge hold from me,
Leave it for my marriage night.

KING FARO

AND HIS SATELLITES;

Being Leaves from the Diary of

A REFORMED BOWERY BOY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY JOHN COOPER VAIL,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEBREW GLADIATOR," "LA TOUR DE NESLE," "LIFE SCENES IN OUR GREAT CITIES," ETC.

BOOK III—PART IV.

THE STAR OF THE PAVE,

OR,

ON THE TEAR AND ON THE TOWN.

Ten years are a very long interval in a life time, even though the person from whom they are taken reach the haven, allotted by the psalmist, of three score and ten. They do not make up the composite part of a single drop in the great ocean of eternity, but nations war in that period; empires fade from the earth suddenly; vast cities, teeming with art and science, are sometimes swallowed in a single instant by the devouring earthquake, when, after ages of tranquility, he angrily wakens from his couch of living fire. A bucket of water drawn from a well, over which two rival husbandmen had held a dispute, caused the Thirty Years War in Germany, and a single line, to which was affixed the autograph of the Russian Czar, obliterated Poland from the nations of the world. According to Father Kircker, Catania, a large and populous city of Sicily, vanished in a moment, and over its former site stood a black and putrid lake, from which rose as pestiferous vapors as had quivered over the sea of Asphalites, when its waters entombed the guilty inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah.

If such mighty works can take place in a single instant, what wonderful changes must ten years have made in the once innocent and virtuous Ellen D——. If we revert to the past, we observe that she was borne to the gloomy walls of Baton Rouge, in the prisoners' van, as an abandoned thief and adventuress. She entered the place innocent of the foul charge made against her, and served the term allotted to her to the last hour. She came forth older in crime than many a one of her sex who had passed a year in the darkest shades of depravity and vice, free to roam the wide earth where they would. She had learned the prisoners' dialect—the language of signs. Her mother died during her incarceration, and when her time was out she had nothing on earth to love, for the memory of Walter R—— was to her like a long, past dream, though she sometimes wondered whether the bird that she had named after him had starved in its cage. As for James Seagrift, she never thought of him without grinding her beautiful teeth, while her heart, with feelings of swift and terrible revenge, seemed to grow hard as iron.

A year had added much of additional splendor to her radiant charms. The coarse, tow cloth gown and the prison bleach seemed to fade like dew neath the glance of the morning sun, as she left Baton Rouge, attired in Venetian velvet at twelve dollars the yard, and her lovely face marked with a rosy smile as she gave James Seagrift her little hand and stepped lightly into the carriage he had brought to bear her away as his willing and acknowledged mistress. The carriage that conveyed her to her regal home was a miracle of art, and the prancing steeds might have made a princess proud to possess them. The rooms he had arranged for her reception seemed to realize the fables of the Arabian Nights in oriental splendor. Pier glasses spanned from floor to ceiling, and carpets, wrought in the looms of Isphian, embedded the daintiest footstep ankle deep. His wealth was enormous, but her caprices were as exacting as the favorite concubine of Ninies, who required her royal lover to build mountains on the plains of Babylon. He refused her nothing that she required, and poured out his gold as free as water to satisfy her desires. It is related that the favorite mistress of the elder Tiberias amused her leisure hours by throwing rubies in the sea, and James Seagrift would scarcely have denied as costly a whim to the enchantress who was luring him on to ruin.

In a fit of maudlin tenderness, while his wanton hand toyed with the golden ringlets of her radiant hair, he had told her (pleading forgiveness) of the plot he had laid to possess her ravishing charms, and she had stopped his mouth with a kiss of such unutterable sweetness that it sent the blood coursing through his veins like a burning lance, with the remark, "My dear, the luxuries with which you have surrounded me have more than paid me for all that I have endured at your hands, and I have read somewhere that 'all stratagems are fair in love.'"

The two syllables—"My dear"—from time immemorial have proved the courtezan's best stock in trade. They have a sweet and musical sound to any man who goes like a lamb to the slaughter in search of forbidden fruit. The soiled doves utter it to those they have never met before on the high way, as the readiest manner of bartering their painted charms. They may mean "My demon," but they say "My dear," and his Syren tone conducts many a victim to the panel house or the bludgeoner's lair, and even if he should escape these wiles, to the venereal hospital and Potter's Field. It is the sure card of the *nymph du pave* till she makes her last round; haggard, weary and cursing herself and all the world, she lays down in the midnight streets to die. It was Ellen D——'s open sesame to the purse and heart of James Seagrift. He loved her as man seldom loves, and she hated him as woman seldom, if ever, hated before.

When a *roue* is really in love, he feels the passion with an intensity that defies the power of the author's description. The German legend relates that the necromancer, Faust, tasked the powers of Lucifer by ordering him to reanimate the lovely form of Helen of Troy, so that he might enjoy her as his mistress; and so well did the fallen angel perform the deed, that the Lethean draught of love he experienced in her arms blotted out for a season the memory that he was surely doomed to undergo the fearful pangs of hell.

All seemed sunshine and flowers to the enraptured *roue*, and he would have stabbed his dearest male friend to the heart if that friend had told him in confidence that his charming mistress was only acting a part.

She was true to him as regarded intrigue, and the handsomest rakes of the Crescent City could not boast of making the slightest advance in her favor.

She might scatter his wealth to the winds, as long as he possessed the priceless jewel of her love. That was his darling thought, and for years she shone as the belle of St. Charles street, wore diamonds that a princess might have envied, and was the particular star at the ball and opera. The warm-hearted southern chivalry always glanced more leniently at the faults of a beautiful woman than the sons of the frozen north.

Mary D—— quivered on the very verge of respectable society, but she never passed the rubicon. In her own heart she felt that the humblest woman who could boast the priceless treasure of virtue, though clad in rags and toiling from dawn till midnight for a livelihood, was her superior. Her grand secret she scarcely revealed to herself. It was to render James Seagrift a beggar, and then drive him from her presence with words of withering hate and the pent-up scorn that she had concealed in her breast for years. His wealth was great, but the long, welcome hour came at last. Her carriage, jewels and queenly extravagance he might have staggered under, though it was as heavy a burden as bore down Christian when he floundered into the Slough of Despond.

At the breaking out of our war with Mexico, he made a secret contract with the powers of that country to supply a large amount of army material, consisting of clothes and amunition, and the ship that bore them to their destination being seized by a revenue cutter of the United States, he was suddenly reduced to penury. The stake he played for was gigantic, and, had he succeeded, he would have mated with the Rothschilds and Astors of the day; but he lost all and was a beggar.

No, not utterly wrecked; for Ellen possessed jewels that would realize a handsome sum—that is to say, sufficient to purchase a neat cottage in the suburbs of the city, where, cheered on by her faithful love, he might commence the world again. Her sympathy with his misfortunes would cheer him in the great hour of trial, and then followed a romantic dream of a beautiful spot, surrounded by an orange grove, and where the soft air paused to gather the spicy treasures of the rose and magnolia blossom. That night he sought her presence, and told his story to the bitter end. She was radiant with hatred when he came to a close, for the serpent never seems half so beautiful as when about to strike with its deadly fangs. From her deep blue eyes streamed that single glance of a woman's life time, that never fails to bring unutterable woe to the man on whom it falls.

"You are a beggar, James Seagrift," she said, in a tone sweet as Calypsus, when she charmed the mariners of Ulysses (as he concluded), "and need my jewels to build a more modest cage for the bird you would retain. Well, I could not think of parting with them for such a purpose, pet."

"By heaven, Ellen, can it be possible that you would refuse me my only hope at such a trying time as this, or have you never loved me?"

"Oh, yes; I have loved you, my dear—loved you as Satan, in the deepest pit of perdition, loves the seraphims who stand nearest to the throne on high. Are you answered, darling!"

In all the wide world there was nothing but drifted snow or a sheeted corpse as white as the pale face of James Seagrift. He choked for utterance, but at length gasped:—

"By heaven, are you a woman, or the loveliest fiend that ever tempted a man to ruin?"

"I tempt you to ruin! ha! ha! ha! That is a merry thought, a conceit of which the greatest *roue* and libertine of the day should feel proud. Why, man," she continued, "where, in the name of everything polluted and unholy, did innocence assume such a disguise before?"

"I have spent a fortune," he exclaimed hoarsely, licking his parched lips like a wounded wolf driven to bay, "on your wild whims and vanities, and you shall return me a part of the portion of which you have despoiled me."

"And of what did you despoil me?" she said, while a frown of intense hatred clouded her lovely brow, and a lightning flash from her blue eyes seemed to charm him to stone, like the glare of a basalisk. "Listen, James Seagrift. My head has pillowed on your bosom for the last time—even the same roof cannot shelter us to-night. I would rather wander an outcast through the world, clad in a beggar's garb, and living on the coarsest fare, than share your couch, though you were the rightful heir to a monarch's throne. You it was that wiled me from the path of virtue, where I earned my bread by honest toil, not with the weapons that the libertine most usually adopts, but by an evil plot, and only worthy the licentious heart of such a foul and treacherous thing as you. True, I had sinned, but only once before, and not too deeply for repentance. That was your weapon, hovering over a poor stricken girl, and you did not fail to wield it in the darkest hour of my life, when one word from your lying lips would have set me free and proved my innocence before the world. Shall I tell you, foul mouthed slanderer, whom I spit on and despise, that from that hour I loathed and hated you beyond the power of words to tell; that from the moment the judge's sentence passed that consigned me for a long and weary year to languish in the prison walls of Baton Rouge, I swore to take a bitter, dark and terrible revenge. James Seagrift, I have slumbered by your side after a chain of lying love-vows on my part that rendered you my abject slave, and then the pale, sad face of my poor mother came and hovered o'er her wanton daughter's dreams. I tell you, man, I've felt her tears stream scalding hot upon my brow, as I lay nestled in your foul embrace, and saw her tear her whitened locks, frantic with shame and wild despair, over her wrecked and most dishonored child.

He clutched his hands so hard that the blood nearly started from the palms and advanced a step, as though he meant to strike her down. She seemed to read his purpose, but did not flinch an atom.

"Dare to lay one polluted finger on my form, James Seagrift," she said firmly, "and I will send up such a shriek as shall rouse the very stones that pave the street. You know the story of my frightful wrongs would send you to a prison cell as truly as to-morrow's sun will rise where you would writhe and languish for ten times the term your baseness and unnatural lust imposed on me!"

"Hush! Ellen, I implore you," he said in a hoarse whisper, while his cowardly frame shivered with fear.

"There may be peace between us, if you will it so, but it must be with the dark billows of eternal hate rolling our separate lives between. I will not strike you down unless you cross my path, for I would have you live a houseless beggar, crushed with shame and misery for the present and despairing for the future.

"Have mercy! Give me that single jewel on your hand, for I am without a dollar in the world to purchase food and drink.

She tossed it to him with the bitter anathema that Eve hurled at her fratricidal son.

"When you eat, James Seagrift, may the food turn to ashes on your lips; when you drink may every liquid you would taste be changed to blood. This house and everything within its walls belongs to me, and ere to-morrow's sun goes down I'll sell it out at sheriff's sale."

"Where go you?" he gasped.

"Her answer was firm and decided:—"On the town."

He would have bartered his immortal soul with the foul fiend at that moment to strike her dead as she stood. Like a drowning man the vision of his past life floated before him in a single second of time. A thousand plans seemed feasible to restrain that haughty spirit, towering like a Medea before him, but ere he firmly fixed a purpose in his mind it seemed to jar to chaos in his nearly maddened brain, and at length, with a wild curse, at which she laughed with scorn, he rushed from the door out into the cheerless street—a beggar in all things save a diamond ring worth very nearly three thousand dollars.

There was a sensational theme for conversation among the gay, young men about town, who assembled for their noonday smile in the large and commodious bar-room of the St. Charles hotel.

"I reckon Jim Seagrift is about played out," said a fashionably dressed young man, as he touched glasses with a friend some five years his senior. "They say he lost a cool million on that last venture of his, and has gone bang through to his bottom dime."

"Yes, and that is not the worst of it," responded the other, "for his woman, the handsome Nelly D——, who combines in herself all the attributes of the nymphs and graces, has cut him dead, and last night she shone as the queen of the *demi monde* at the Ponchetrain ball."

"You don't say so. Well, one thing is certain, I am bound to visit the Ponchetrain rooms to-night, if I never take a crack at 'em again. I thought Jim had a soft snap, but it seems appearances are deceitful."

"Yes, that's so: and every body surmised she was as chaste as Diana. Seagrift spent a mint of money on her. What the dence will he do about it?"

"I really don't know, unless he takes Sir John Falstaff's advice, Dick."

"What was that, Fred?"

"Scoop out the balance of his brains, and give them to a dog for a New Year's gift, for he has made the most genuine damned fool of himself, take it all the way through, of any man I ever heard tell of."

"I agree with you, my boy; well, so long."

"So long."

In another corner of the bar-room a small man, with a face almost as swarthy as a mulatto's, was exercising the powers of his oratory for the benefit of a promiscuous crowd, and the subject was the advantages that would accrue to the United States by annexing the fertile country of Yucatan. He was attired in a half military suit of light blue. His coat sported a pair of epaulets, while his pants had a gold cord running down the seams, and he wore a midshipman's cap, with the gilt band. This was the famous George W. D——, formerly the editor of a flash sheet in the Empire City. It has also been asserted that he was the pioneer of negro minstrelsy, and made his appearance before the public in the song of "Coal Black Rose," some time previous to Rice's coming out as the original Jim Crow. He had recently published a paper in New Orleans called the *Army and Navy Gazette*, but for want of patronage it had fallen through after the third issue. It was rumored that he was the *protege* of Madam C——, a woman who conducted a drinking saloon in the third municipality, and that by flattering her vanity he had managed to bleed her pocket freely. He was a sort of Jack of all trades, but never seemed able to content his restless ambition by following any steady pursuit, and making it pay. He had adopted the title of *generalissimo* of the invading army of Yucatan, and promised the most liberal bounties to recruits under the fillibustering flag, though his imaginary treasury was often times short of a dime, when his own martial lips would have gladly frozen to a whiskey straight or a brandy sour. His grand army was composed of bummers, black legs, dead beats and shysters generally, whom he made to believe that Yucatan was a new Mexico; and that, like another Cortez, he would lead them on to victory and spoil. The crowd with which William W—— left New York during our late civil war were dove-eyed cherubs compared to the reckless and desperate legions of George W. D——. On the day we have depicted, he was holding forth to a crowd of needy adventurers in the spacious saloon of the St. Charles, and suiting his language to the satellites that revolved around their great luminary.

"I tell you it's dead sure to turn out a second Mexico and nothing shorter, boys. The gold grows there spontaneous, and a cove has nothing else to do but to scoop it in all day long. There is not a Skit Skiver and Skiver, who follows our glorious flag to perpetual victory, but will be entitled to three hundred acres of choice land, twelve Digger Indians to brush the flies out of his gin cocktails, and fan him to slumber with the sweet leaves of the wild magnolia."

"Keeping off the skeeters, Gineral," suggested one of the crowd.

"Gentlemen, I will not prevaricate. The skeeters are thick there. Every fat side must have its lean, and I am bound to deal with you on the square. No, I am not such a slanderer of history as to assert before the enlightened and intelligent audience whom I am addressing, that skeeters do not abound in the golden land of the Incas; but, friends and fellow citizens, what country would be worth a continental damn if it was not capable of producing such a mean and insignificant insect. But, friends and fellow citizens, turn to the other side of the picture. Reflect that every patriot son who follows our glorious flag to certain victory (that flag immortalized in the annals of '76, when the loud scream of the American eagle made haughty tyrants tremble on their polluted thrones, and whose sharp talons drove the British lion howling to his lair on the very spot on which we now stand), will have, to solace his hours of idleness, as many maidens as his loftiest ambition may desire, proud to become the wives and *chere de amies* of Columbia's brave and loyal sons."

"That's Hunkey Dorey, Gineral," said a one-eyed fillibuster, on the shady side of fifty, and with a beard like Calliban's."

"Any kinks in their *hair*, Gineral?" said another highly interested listener.

"Nary kink, my boy, but glossy as the golden ringlets that adorn the brows of Circassia's gazelle-eyed daughters. And then, in form and feature they equal the houris of the Paradise of Mahomet. I will not pretend to cheat you, friends and fellow citizens, by asserting that the lovely girls of Yucatan are formed of musk and amber, but that they are flesh and blood, rising in complexion with the hues of the rose and lily, and as gentle and amorous as the luscious damsels that dwelt in the harem of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, and who matured to womanhood on figs, honey, and the spice-laden gales of Araby."

"Count me in, Gineral," cried a dark-browed fellow in the crowd, licking his lips with happy anticipation.

"And I," shouted another.

"My gal always takes sugar in her'n, but that won't make a dif of bitterence—not a "dit"—responded a sickly looking fellow, partial to soap locks. "Slosh me down, Gineral."

The last argument of the *generalissimo* of the grand army of Yucatan was a decided clincher, and the names began to flow in thick and fast, when suddenly there was the sharp crack of a heavily loaded pistol heard in the dining hall overhead.

"What the deuce is up now," cried a dozen voices at once, while bar-keepers and waiters made a simultaneous rush up the staircase to ascertain what could be the matter. The curious soon found out that a rather unusual tragedy had taken place in the dining room of the St. Charles. A gambler, who was also an accomplished *artist on the heel*, while seated at the table, had suddenly drawn a pistol from his breast pocket and fired its contents into his muddled brain. It was a sickening and terrible sight, for the discharge had scattered his blood on some of the surrounding guests, and two of the ladies present had fainted at the ghastly scene. His name was William F——, *alias* "The Dandy," and he hailed from the Empire City. In the palmy days of the Tape's Prano, about two years previous, and to which we may revert hereafter, he was noted as the most fancy dressed man about town. Diamond studs sparkled in his snowy shirt frills, and the same costly gems were set in the buttons of his velvet vest. His wardrobe was elegant in texture and finish, but his form was not that of an Adonis, and the old adage applied to his manner and bearing:—"You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." Scarcely able to write his own name, and possessing the dullest attributes for business, outside of his calling as roper in, sucker, sharp and swindler, he managed to realize for some years an income equal, if not greater than our government allows to the Vice President of the United States. The reason is simple enough. Most men are avaricious by nature, and many a man who, perhaps, would scorn to do a dishonest act openly, where the world at large would have a chance of detecting him, seeing a chance to realize a large amount, free from danger, grapples at the golden bait with avidity and is ready to swear, lie, prevaricate and do any mean or guilty thing to obtain that to which he has not a particle of right in the world. When the game is carried on thus, both the swindler and the swindled are an evenly balanced pair, and the man who buys the book deserves no commiseration at the hands of the law. He has proved himself a liar in claiming it, and a thief in appropriating to his own use what he feels certain is a large sum of money belonging to some one else. Does he think for one moment how the unlucky person who lost it may find his note protested at the bank, and, chagrined and mortified at the stern decrees of fate, is solemnly contemplating suicide as the easiest way to get out of his difficulty? Not a bit of it. His thoughts are far back in the country, on a piece of land that belongs to neighbor Jones and joining his own fat meadows. It will be just the thing to double the price of his farm. He wants to hurrah, but durst not, for fear of attracting the attention of the police. He feels morally certain that every third man he meets is a pickpocket or a burglar, ready to croak him for a third part of the great treasure he holds fast in his breeches pocket with the grasp of a giant. Treading as if on eggs, and often glancing uneasily over his shoulder, he at length reaches some friendly alley-way, where he cannot forbear taking one last fond, lingering look at the splendid treasure he has duped out of those two addle headed, foolish Yorkers.

"All is not gold that glitters," and what you see and what you get for your money in Gotham, he soon realizes to his unmitigated and unbounded horror. Fifty dollars for a thirty cent pocket book, stuffed with slices of the *New York Herald*, and a half a dozen old style coppers, sends a chill down the spine of his back, while the perspiration rolls down his face in streams.

"Holy huckleberry! Snakes and tigers! Jumping Jehosophat!" are his wild exclamations, as he rushes through the streets to find a policeman, and to whom he relates the foolish lie; how he thought the pocket book was his'n, but was mistaken, and wants him to arrest everybody and get his money back at the shortest notice.

On the other hand, honest men are often duped by the artists of the heel, with the spacious excuse that they are about to leave the city, and the victim of their wiles can take the book and advertise it, when the looser will be sure to pay him a most liberal reward. Of course they are willing to take a few dollars as a perquisite for their honesty. In such a case the buyer deserves commiseration, and should have justice done him. In the other, were we a judge we would order the man out of court who had proven himself a liar and a thief. The game as regards rings and brooches is, according to Macauley, as old as the reign of Charles II. It was first played in Washington Market, New York, with a five dollar counterfeit bill, by an oyster boy, who was known by the cognomen of "Crabbe." The readiness with which the bait took finally brought out the game as it exists at the present time, with one exception. The dropper formerly gave up the hook stuffed with bills on the Globe Bank, and it sometimes cost as much as five or six dollars to prepare one ready for use. They now come what is called 'the change," and the purchaser never gets that on which he has feasted his eyes. For years after the game was brought out it was a perfect gold mine to the player. It required no great effort of genius to walk swiftly past a countryman (whose dress or the red mud on his boots betrayed him in an instant to the lookers out for prey), touch him lightly on the heel, pick up a well filled wallet, rush round the first corner and frantically strive to hide behind a flour barrel that might reach to the bottom button of a man's vest. Then the copper would step up (what charming honesty), and say:—

"Mister, that man has got your pocket book, let's follow him."

The finder was easily caught and forced to disgorge, sometimes with threats that, if he didn't immediately launch it out, he should be dragged off by the "per lice," and then he would have to go to "States Prisin." The bait took ninety times out of a hundred, and from 1841 to 1847, a fifty dollar drop was a daily occurrence. A Congressman from the West once paid five hundred dollars for a book, and pocketed his loss without a murmur. Such was the occupation of Dandy F—— for years, and such was his untimely end as we have depicted, in the dining hall of the St. Charles.

"Yes, it was an eventful day in the Crescent City, and when night set in the tragedy was the common talk among the fast men who frequented the Globe, Ponchetrain and Quadroon balls. The evening had set in cloudy, portending one of the sharp storms that so frequently occur in Southern climes.

Ellen D—— attended the ball at the hour of nine, attired like a queen, and was the cynosure of every eye. Her former keeper, James Seagrift, had sold the jewel she had returned to him for one half of its real value, and had been the whole day long drinking the vile liquor that he could purchase in the lowest houses on the Levee. His brain was maddened, and his temples seemed nearly as hot as fire, but he was not drunk. It had been his grand object the whole day through to drive away the demon of remorse that clung to him like the poisoned garment to Hercules. Oh! for the Lethean draught of rum, gin or brandy, that would banish the past and obliterate the present from his clouded brain! He, the once wealthy merchant, was seated in the dance house of Kilkenny Moll, the companion of the off-scourings of God's creation, when a man grimed with dirt, but whose features had evidently been bronzed by a torrid sun, took his seat at the same table and called for a mug of ale."

"Pay first," said the engaging landlady, as she placed the foaming beverage before him.

"Why, what do you take me for?" he said, with a scowl, as he threw a silver dollar on the table, at the same time giving his neck an uneasy wriggle, as if it fitted uneasily on his broad shoulders.

"Not a beauty, with that mug of yours, Spanish Jack. But you know, my covey, you have been on the bilk before, and there is nothing like taking time by the forelock. There's your change, and you are welcome to wet your whistle as long as it lasts."

The individual addressed as Spanish Jack muttered a heavy curse at everybody in general and nobody in particular, and plunged his face in the pewter tankard. Not till he had drained it to the last drop did he seem to take a casual survey of his companions who sat opposite, but when James Seagrift called for another half pint of brandy, and drew his hand out of his pocket, filled with gold and silver, to pay, his eyes glittered like those of a venomous snake.

"A rough night," he suggested, as a flash of lightning seemed to drown the gaslights of the bar room, and was followed by a heavy peal of thunder that shook the old building to its foundation.

"I've seen a rougher," said Seagrift, moodily, as he took a huge draught of the fiery beverage.

"Where?" inquired Spanish Jack, repeating the unpleasant jerk of his head, that would have made the fortune of a pantomimist. "Crash! there goes the thunder again. I don't like it."

"You needn't fear it, unless your looks belie you," said Seagrift, sarcastically, "for there is an old prophecy that is as true as the gospel."

"What is that, stranger?" said Spanish Jack, who seemed anxious to keep up a conversation with a man possessed of so much money as Seagrift had displayed.

"A man that is born to be hung will never be drowned or die in any other way."

Spanish Jack's bronzed features grew white with passion, and his neck seemed to sway like a mandarin's in a tea shop window, but he hid his feeling of hate with the remark:—

"You are joking, stranger;" and called for a fresh pot of beer.

"Those who play with fire must reckon on being scorched sometimes, and, if the hangman's noose fits you, I shan't quarrel with fate because you wear it. I have trouble enough of my own to tend to," and he rose from the table and left the house, although the rain was descending in torrents.

Spanish Jack swallowed down his beer at a gulp, grasped firmer an oaken club that had been his weapon for many a day, and was after him in a moment, like a bloodhound on the track. Through the dark and deserted streets his scent never grew cold, and, with a step light as a cat's, he was always within a few feet of the victim he had sworn in his cruel heart to plunder and kill. All the way from St. Joseph to Poydras street he had followed steadily on, without daring to strike the fearful blow, but when the victim wended his way out towards the swamp, he felt sure of his prey. As long as Seagrift did not turn from the direction he had taken, he felt as certain of his gold as if he had already secured it in his murderous hands. In a quarter of an hour they stood, scarcely twenty feet apart, by the basin of the canal that led out to lake Ponchetrain. Seagrift was about to retrace his wandering steps, when, sudden as the lightning's flash, the murderer leaped forward and struck him to the ground. There was a mist of blood surrounding him, and he had only time to ejaculate the one word, "Mercy!" when the heavy club descended again and again.

Out of existence, but whence his soul had taken its flight from its former tenement of clay, not even the wisest on earth could tell! The murderer gave one glance around, to be sure that he was unobserved, and, after having rifled the corpse of everything valuable, tumbled it into the stagnant waters of the canal. The slimy sepulchre was a fit burial place for the man who had scoffed at everything human and divine.

"There is a sure buck for the corner," said the bravo, as he turned from the spot with a chuckle. "There can't be less than a cool thousand in silver and gold, and to-morrow I shall strike a bee line for Mexico. I wonder where Nell is. I thought I saw her face in a dream last night. What if she knew me as I am. Well, I'll swear that I killed him for telling a blasted lie. Luke Howard was never born to be hanged."

That night a score of suitors followed in the train of Ellen D——, at the Ponchetrain ball, and she seemed to smile with equal favor upon all, though her heart toward the world was in reality as hard as iron.

TO BE CONTINUED.

M'LLE ILMA DE MURSKA, Hungarian Lyric Artist.

For Biographical Sketch see elsewhere.

COME, ANYHOW.

An Invitation.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Come to me in the morning,
With your step like the graceful fawn,
While the gay, gay birds are singing,
And the breezes sweets are bringing;
Come to me in the morn.

Come to me in the evening,
My soul and heart's own queen,
When the bright, bright moon is shining
Through clouds with a silver lining;
Come to me in the e'en.

If you cannot come in the morning,
Or evening, as I request,
I shall have to do without it,
And all I can say about it
Is—come when it suits you best!

B. E. Z.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY HAMILTON.

We were smoking one night before the hotel smoking-room grate, when one man said:—

"I have always thought I'd like to be a railroad conductor—for a little while at least."

The old conductor smiled and knocked the ashes off his cigar.

"Well," said he, "I believe almost everybody has had that feeling at one time or another. There is something fascinating to a sober business man in the idea of doing business and earning your living at 30 miles an hour, and the spice of danger that you *may* at any moment be sent to kingdom come by 'lightning express,' is just vague enough to not frighten, but attract. But to a conductor it's a prosaic business enough. So it is to engineers and brakemen. Don't you remember that, at the inquest over the Norwich Bridge accident, it was shown that the engineer was in the habit of opening everything, and then reading a newspaper? He was neglecting his business, of course; but it shows what habit will do; 'twill make a reading-room of an express engine.

"Railroad men learn the lesson of punctuality very thoroughly. It won't do to be late, or the train won't start on time, and then an awful row is certain. One time I was at Albany, and that afternoon the Hudson River, Boston and Central trains all started at 5 o'clock. Well, the conductors of the trains and the engineers, too, went down the river on a little propeller—the Juda, I think she was called. We turned round in plenty of time, but about two miles below Albany we ran aground. We were in a nice scrape. There wasn't a conductor at the depot to take any one's place, and the tide was falling. Williams, a splendid, great big fellow, got desperate, jumped into the river, put his shoulder under the stern, where the propeller had caught on a mud bank, and as the boat was about nine cat power only and he was a perfect Hercules, he actually lifted her off, and we got to Albany just in time—only Williams had to run to Syracuse with his wet clothes on.

"It's a queer existence, too, running day after day through a lot of little places that you don't take any interest in, or know anything about, more than that the stations are called such and such stations. It isn't such a dangerous life, either. Accident insurance companies don't rate passenger conductors very high, but if ever you want to feel how helpless a mortal you are in the hands of the Almighty, just get on an express engine, and get the engineer to 'open everything' on a dark night. It's positively awful to see your head-light boring into darkness, and to think that between you and instant death there's only the chance of the two pieces of iron you're traveling on being continuous and clear; that if some body has just pried up a rail since the last train went over, or anchored something on the track, your friends won't know your body when the coroner's jury calls them as witnesses to your identity. That's the way I thought the first time I tried it, but the engineer was smoking a pipe, and the fireman was whistling 'Jim-a-Long Josey.'

"When a conductor runs a train out of town and runs another in again the same day, it isn't such a queer life as when he runs a train out one day and in the next. Then he lives two lives. One night he's a married man at one place; the next night he's a bachelor at another place, and the next night a married man again—and so on, see-saw.

"There's a kind of feeling of responsibility, having three or four hundred lives in your keeping. But then, there's the rules. If you keep to them, if anything happens it isn't your fault. When you are out of time and have to wait, you're sure to be cross, and sure to be badgered by questions. A foreigner once told me that one of the most surprising things he'd seen in America was the respectful way conductors and the way they were obeyed by passengers. But passengers will ask questions when you're waiting, and it's provoking. One day I was out of time, and ran off on a switch to wait for either the down train or a telegram to come on. By and by, a pompous man comes to me as I was sitting on the fence.

"'Mr. Conductor,' says he, 'what are we waiting for?'

"'For the down train—we're out of time. There's a single track here, and she has the right of way.'

"'But suppose the down train is behind, too.'

"'Then I'll get a telegram.'

"'But suppose they don't telegraph you, how long will you wait?'

"'*Till the wheels rust off*,' says I.

"He went back to the coach, growling something about having an engagement in town at the hour that the train was due, and I afterward found out that he was the Vice President of the road. But he was a sensible old fellow, though quick tempered, and I stood better with the officers for what I had said. He used to poke heavy fun at me sometimes, and recommend me to wet the wheels and they would rust off sooner.

"It's astonishing how reckless some railroad men become. I was on a side track waiting out of time once, and a fellow comes to me and says, 'Why don't you go on?' 'Cause my orders are to stay,' I said rather sharply.

"He was the new superintendent, a young fellow whom I had never seen, because he'd just come on the road. He was courting a girl on the line of the road, I afterwards found out, and had an engagement to go to a ball with her that night, which this 'lay-over' interfered with.

"So he says, very quickly, 'No they ain't;' and when I looked surprised, he says, 'I'm the superintendent of this road, and I tell you you've time to get over this bit of single track and have three minutes to spare, before the down train reaches it. I have calculated and *know*.'

"I've got my printed orders, Mr. Superintendent,' says I, and he broke right in—

"'Never mind your *printed* orders, *I* order you to go ahead.'

"Well, I wouldn't, and he was awfully mad, and swore that I shouldn't run a week longer on that road. Probably, after he cooled down he would have never said a word about the matter, for he was clearly in the wrong. Three minutes is too close a shave on time when six or seven hundred people's lives are interested, and regular printed orders are to be obeyed till other regular printed orders are issued. But I thought, at first, he'd complain to the President, and I was bound to have first talk, if possible.

"The President heard my story and sent for the Superintendent. He denied that he had *ordered* me at all, or made any threats, but said that he had told me I had *ten* minutes to spare. So it was a question of veracity, and I began to think I would be sent back to run my train, and that running a train on *that* road wouldn't be my business very long.

"All at once a gentleman, who had been sitting with a newspaper held in front of his face at the back of the office, came forward.

"'Mr. President,' said he, 'I happened to be standing by these two men when they had that talk. The conductor is right, and the other man lies. If the train had gone on I had made up my mind to walk back to the last station, the chances of an accident seemed so great.'

"Then the President was mad.

"'Why, good heavens!' said he, 'my wife and family were on that train. Mr. Superintendent, go and draw your wages to the first of next month, and leave the road *now*!'

"But sometimes a conductor is put in such a position that the rules won't guide him. Then the responsibility is very great. I remember once being so placed, and I thought at the time that my hair ought to have turned white that night with anxiety.

"It was when the Hudson River Railroad was just built. There was no telegraph along the line then, and everything was quite primitive compared to what it is now. The flagmen had got on a sort of a strike about seven days, too, so that you trusted to luck for safe running. I was running a sort of way-train between New York and Poughkeepsie then. Running an 'express' is much pleasanter than running a 'way,' you may easily imagine. An express sometimes don't stop for an hour at a time, and, after you've 'worked' your coaches once, you have nothing to do but to sit down and earn your money that easy way. Then, when you reach the next station, if your brakemen mind their business, they can tell you how many passengers have got into each coach, and then you are always able to pick them out, because they haven't got the *settled* air of the old passengers. But a way-train conductor has much harder work.

"Well, I ran the train out of New York one afternoon, and I had for the driver of the engine a man who was famous for the accurate way in which he would come up to his stations. He would stop any named coach almost to a foot where he said he would; but on this occasion he appeared to have very poor luck. He ran past his stations and had to back down, and then again he would stop so short that the engine would be in front of the station and the rear coach an eighth of a mile back, and it raining hard, too. Then he'd start up again, just as the passengers were getting out. So we kept running behind time all the while. There was a sort of lightning express came out of New York about an hour after us, and we were gradually working back into its time.

"We got near Fishkill, and, having made an awful bad shot at a depot, I said to the baggage master:—'Mack has bad luck at making his stations to-day. Wonder what's the matter?'

"The baggage master turned round on me quickly and said:—

"'If you want to know what I think, *I* think Mack is drunk!'

"'It can't be,' says I, 'I never saw him touch a drop of liquor or smell of it in any way.'

"'That's so,' said the man, 'but I think he's drunk to-day. He was in the car here a little while ago, and picked up all the brakemen's lanterns and slung them in a bunch at me. I dodged, and they went out of the car door and smashed. Then he chuckled and went back to the engine.'

"I didn't like the idea of a drunken engineer, but had to laugh at the fate of the lanterns. If I had known how I was going to groan over their fate soon, I wouldn't have laughed then.

"When I got above Fishkill, I thought I'd let those who got on at one of the little stations ride free to the next station, while I rode on the engine and investigated.

"So I got on the 'Corning,' and Mack looked black enough instead of as civil as usual. I joked him about his bad luck in making his stations, and he growled out a curse. I asked him if he knew how nearly he had got back into the lightning express time, and he said he knew his own business. The man was evidently drunk and surly. I happened to put my hand down under the cushion of the seat and felt a bottle. Pulling the cork out I smelled whiskey, and quietly threw it overboard. But Mack saw me and I cursed me for destroying his property. 'What did you throw that bottle away for; it wasn't your rum?' he said, at the end of an awful swear.

"'I'll tell you why,' said I; 'I'm conductor of this train, and you are too drunk to do your business right, and you'd get worse and worse if you had a bottle.'

"Then he grinned a savage sort of a grin, and quieted down into a silent state, but he looked dangerous about the eyes.

"'You're conductor of this train, are you? I'll show you how much you have to do with running it,' says he, and began to 'slow up,' and we behind time already, you know. I didn't know exactly what to do—we were getting dangerously near the lightning express time—and while I was debating, he suddenly 'blew brakes,' with a fiendish chuckle, and stopped at a station that he has never stopped at before. I looked at my watch and determined to send a brakeman back with a lantern and stop the express. Just then a thought struck me that made my hair stand up on end. *There wasn't a lantern on the train*—the drunken beast has smashed them all—there wasn't a soul at the station, which was miles away from its village; the express didn't stop before it reached Poughkeepsie, so that I couldn't leave word to caution it, and just then I heard its whistle a mile or two back. The engineer heard it too, and laughed a diabolical laugh

were on a strike, and the express didn't stop anywhere till it reached Poughkeepsie, and she had got so close on to us when the engineer cut up as he did, that I couldn't stop at a station and send a man back. Before he could have got far enough away they'd have been so close that they couldn't have 'broke up' in time, but would have come into us.

"I didn't know whether I'd killed Mack or not, and I took the 'owl train' back, and found him all right as regards death, but very sick from the dip I'd given him.

"The company gave me this watch when they heard of it."

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1869.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Nos. 88 and 90 Centre st., corner of Leonard.

Box 7,580 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes, and confusion, which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

PEDDICAL SON.—1. Pony Moore did perform at old Knickerbocker Hall on the present site of the Grand Opera House), on the tambourine end. Picayune Butler, who was on the bone end, died several years ago. His right name was Johnny Butler. 2. Bernard, Wambold and Backus go. 3. You can get the bill board by writing to some one of the managers, who will be glad of the opportunity.

FIVE TWENTY BAR, Oro City, Col.—If refusing to play the third and deciding game, after two had been played, forfeits the entire stakes. The justice of this is self-evident, and, we think, requires no reasoning to prove it. In a match race, when two horses have each won a heat, neither can postpone the race or withdraw without forfeiting the stakes.

R. H. S.—1. Barney Aaron has appeared seven times within the ropes, defeating Johnny Robinson, Bill Evans, Johnny Monaghan and Sam Collyer; being beaten by Scotty of Brooklyn and Collyer, and fighting a draw with Robinson (couldn't agree). 2. Orrin Seward and Charles Weathall both ran 220 yards in 19½ seconds, the fastest time upon record.

STONEWALL.—1. The Unions have not disbanded. 2. Shelley and Birdsall are in Washington. 3. Goldie, Austin, Martin and Smith are still members, we believe. 4. He was expelled. 5. With the Keystones.

O. H., Watertown.—1. We believe he is an American. 2. Ben was born in Rhode Island. 3. He advertises to do so. 4. Write to Thompson and Riggs for the song. 5. A first class performer receives from $30 to $50 a week.

B. W., Waikins, N. Y.—1. Bill Poole was shot between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock on the morning of February 25, 1855. He died on March 8th, the eleventh day afterward. 2. We do not answer questions by mail.

WARING, New Bedford, Mass.—Jem Mace was born in 1831, and won the championship by defeating Sam Hurst in 1861. Since then he has been defeated by Tom King only. 2 Bob Brettle was never champion of England.

R. L. S., Washington.—1. Next to Dexter's 2:17¼ and Flora Temple's 2:19¾, Lucy Thorne's 2:20¾, made at Boston last summer, ranks highest. 2. Yes, we believe it will probably be made this season.

KATE, Boston.—If we should tell you who was the handsomest woman on the stage, on y think how many ladies we should offend. 2. There was in this city a short time since with her mother.

THEATRE.—The Park Theatre was last burnt on December 16th, 1848. We cannot answer your other inquiries; consult the clerk of the Board of Aldermen.

PERSISTENT, Elmira.—1. James W. Wallack, at the time of his death (Dec. 25th, 1864), was 70 years of age. 2. Charlotte Cushman was born in Nov., 1814. 3. Lester Wallack was born in 1819.

IS DESTRESS, St. Louis.—1. For general utility. 2. The theatre furnishes the necessary wardrobe for that line of business. 3. From $15 to $20 a week.

BONES, St. Louis.—We cannot inform you whether the lady is married or not. If the lady informs you that he is her husband, we think it is now better than herself.

CLERK, Boston.—1. Huthey Dougherty is considered the most versatile of the two. 2 Master Barney is as good as any on the stage. 3. Some prefer one to the other.

F. A., Memphis, Tenn.—The party failing to prove his assertion, loses the bet, and the stakeholder must give up the money. In such a case as you mention, there is no necessity for a referee.

N. J. S., Bloomington, Ind.—1. B's three aces beat A's head, three cards of a suit do not constitute a flush. 2. We hold that a player at euchre cannot go alone after his partner has assisted.

CONNECTICUT.—You lose your wager; and your catch that your friend had no money in your pocket at the time you bet, does not avail you.

W. RINORO, Pa.—1. The British navy is credited with being the strongest at present. 2. The French government purchased the Dunderberg, and have christened her Rochambeau.

R. T. T. Matteawan.—Colts are entered for the Derby when yearlings. How in the name of common sense can they be entered before they are foaled?

M. S. H., Dover.—We cannot give you the address of the parties manufacturing the Ballard rifle, nor can we forward you a descriptive circular.

A. J. P., Great Bend.—American criminals can only be legally arrested in those countries with which the United States have a treaty of extradition.

CONSTANT READER, Boston, Mass.—1. Heenan was entitled to the battle in the 11th round, but it was not claimed for him. 2. The sponge was not thrown up for King at any time during the fight.

HARRY REILLY, Ashland.—A having two to go, his high and low put him out. B's Jack cannot score until after high and low, no matter whether Jack is played first or not.

T. S., Fort McKeouth.—1. Ada Webb was born in New Orleans Sept. 18, 1845. 2. It is no annoyance. We are always willing to answer questions without any charge. 3. Lillie is not married.

R. B., Springfield, Mass.—The list of secretaries was commenced in last week's CLIPPER, and will be added to as fast as we receive the names and addresses

SPORT, Leavenworth.—Opinions differ as to the per centage on the game you mention, but it certainly is not less than 20 per cent in favor of the banker.

T. A. C., Tanners Falls.—If you mean the fastest mile distance in this country, by Dexter in trotting, 2:17¼, and by Legal Tender in running, 1:44.

A. D. PEET, Kansas City, Mo.—The longest recorded standing jump, spirit level, is 12 feet 6 inches.

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KATE, Boston.—If we should tell you who was the handsomest woman on the stage, only

THE TURF.

AMERICAN TURF.

The Paterson Spring Race Meeting.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, MAY 18TH.

The Paterson Spring Meeting commenced on Tuesday, the 18th inst., under favorable auspices as far as the delightful weather and number of horses arrived were concerned, but with the smallest attendance we ever saw at this racing resort. This is to be attributed entirely to the bad management of the parties who assumed the direction of affairs, for no publicity whatever had been given to the meeting, and even the morning papers of the opening day contained no announcement that the races would be held. Owing to the absence of any announcement that the races would commence, the majority of the sporting men of New York were led to believe that they would not take place, and did not go; hence the limited attendance.

THE HURDLE RACE

opened the ball, and for it four horses were entered, viz.: Tycoon, Jack Armstrong, Gerald, and a five year old horse by Simon Kenton, out of a Boston mare, belonging to Mr. James Thompson. Jack Armstrong, however, had broken down hopelessly at exercise the day before when going on well, and no jockey could be procured to ride Gerald. There was consequently only Tycoon and Thompson's horse to run, the latter being the favorite at $100 to $70. He was ridden by Griffin, while Hughey was in the saddle on Tycoon. The favorite took the lead and cleared the first hurdle in capital style, closely followed by Tycoon, who laid at the quarters of the former to the second hurdle, which the bay horse jumped clearly, but Tycoon, hitting the top rail, was knocked flat on the ground. The latter seemed to dwell after landing, while the favorite was into his stride directly. At the third hurdle, on the lower stretch, Tycoon was still a length behind, but, after clearing it, he went in front, and took the fourth hurdle, opposite the drawgate, a clear length ahead. Passing the stand on the first mile, the bay horse was leading, and both of them hit the fifth rail hard as they went over. The want of condition on the part of Tycoon now began to tell, and he fell behind, the bay horse going steadily on, jumping the hurdles at his leisure, and winning easily by over fifty yards in the slow time of 4:30.

PATERSON COURSE, MAY 18.—HURDLE RACE.—Purse $250; $200 to first horse, $50 to second; over 8 hurdles three feet six inches high. All horses to carry 140lbs.; winner of one hurdle race, 7lbs. extra; two or more, 14lbs. extra. Four to enter; three to start, or the second money not added. Closed with the following entries:—James Thompson entered b h by Simon Kenton, 5 yrs old, dam by Boston..... 1

B. W. Hoxsey entered ch h Tycoon, aged..... 2

M. J. Tulley entered b h Jack Armstrong, aged..... dr

John Boughram entered black gelding, Gerald, by Mickey Free, dam Rosette, by Yorkshire..... dr

Time 4:50.

THE MILE DASH RACE

was the second event, and was for a purse of $200, weight for age. Nine horses were entered, but of them Oysterman, jr., having gone lame, was withdrawn, leaving the following to run:—Chas. Littlefield's ch m Hira, Tulley's b f Onyx, gray colt Mitchell, 3 yrs; Col. McDaniel's b h Morrissey, 5 yrs; R. W. Walden's b m, 4 yrs, by Dick Cheatham, dam by Glencoe; J. Boughram's s m Enchantress; Hinchman and Strong's ch h Egotist, 5 yrs; M. A. Littell's bl c Onyx, 4 yrs, and I. W. Pennock's b f, 3 yrs, by Uncle Vic, dam Gipsy. The Littlefield entry was the favorite, the pools selling as follows:—Littlefield, $120; Walden's mare, $70; Enchantress, $45; Morrissey, $36, and the rest in the field, $50. Walden's mare jumped off in front when the drum tapped, with Onyx second, Hira next, Morrissey, Enchantress and Mitchell following in the order named. Going around the turn, Enchantress ran through her horses and assumed the lead, the others still continuing in the above positions. The race was highly exciting as they swept along the backstretch, but it was not until the half mile was passed that the tailing off commenced, and the race was left to the leading four horses. Half way along the lowerstretch Gilpatrick, on Hira, went up and challenged Enchantress, raced with her a few strides, and, quitting, went on with the lead into the homestretch, with Egotist laying at her quarters, and Enchantress, who ran wide to the extreme outside to get the harder and better going, next. To these three the race was now confined, but Hira, ridden by Gilpatrick, was never headed, and won easily by four lengths, Egotist second, a length before Enchantress, Walden's mare fourth, Mitchell fifth, Onyx sixth, and Morrissey last. Time, 1:50¼.

SECOND RACE.—Purse, $200; dash of one mile; weight for age. Chas. Littlefield entered ch m Hira, by Lexington, dam Hegira 1

Hinchman & Strong entered ch h Egotist, 5 yrs old, by Eclipse, dam Vanity, by Revenue..... 2

John Boughram entered s m Enchantress, by Lexington, dam Ellen Bateman..... 3

R. W. Walden entered b m by Dick Cheatham, dam by Glencoe, 4 yrs old..... 4

Chas. Littlefield entered br c Mitchell, 3 yrs old, by Mickey Free, dam by Sovereign..... 5

M. A. Littell entered br c Onyx, by imp. Eclipse, dam Vivandiere, by Revenue, 3 yrs old..... 6

I. W. Pennock entered b f, 3 yrs old, by Uncle Vic, dam Gipsy. 7

D. McDaniel entered b h Morrissey, 5 yrs old, by Breckenridge, dam Sophia, by Bonnie Scotland..... 8

John Cear entered b h Oysterman, Jr., by Oysterman, dam by Phil. Brown..... dr

Time, 1:50¾.

THE MILE HEAT RACE,

for a purse of $400, closed with three entries—Metairie, R. B. Connelly and Egotist. The latter, however, having just run a severe race, was withdrawn. Connelly was a great favorite, owing to his looking so fine in condition, and the vast improvement he had made since last year. $100 to $40 being freely laid on his winning. Gilpatrick rode him, while Patsy Hennessy had the mount on Metairie. Appended is the summary:—

THIRD RACE.—Mile heats, purse $400; weight for age.

R. W. Walden's ch h Metairie, 5 yrs old, by Star Davis, dam Katonah..... 2 1 1

John O'Donnell entered br h R. A. Connelly, 5 yrs, by Lexington, dam Lucy Fowler..... 1 2 2

Hinchman & Strong's ch h Egotist, by Eclipse, dam Vanity, by Revenue..... dr

Time, 1:50; 1:50½; 1:51.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, MAY 19.

The weather on the second day was wretched in the extreme, a heavy rain falling incessantly from morning till night, and many were, in consequence, led to believe that the races would be postponed, but they were not. It was a deep disappointment to find that only one of the three races on the programme was filled—the Steeple Chase. There were three entered for the steeple chase—Tycoon, Jack Armstrong, and the bay horse by Simon Kenton, who had won the hurdle race on the previous day. But the hopeless breaking down of Jack Armstrong had placed him literally *horse du combat;* and three being required by the conditions of the race, it fell through. But the failure of the Passaic handicap to fill was a source of regret, as this race was regarded as the most interesting feature of the meeting, and its nullity left only one race to be run. Six horses had accepted for the handicap, but only one of them, General Yorke, had done so in writing, as required by the conditions of the race. The remaining contest on the card was the Selling Race, of which we have room only for the summary:—

SELLING RACE; purse, $200; dash of one and a quarter miles; horses to be sold for $1,000, their proper weight; if for $750, 5 lbs. allowed; if for $500, 14 lbs.; if for $350, 21 lbs.; if for $200, 28 lbs. Closed with the following entries:—

J. Boughram entered b g Gerald, by Mickey Free, dam Rosette; to be sold for $500..... 1

D. McDaniel entered g h Urbana, by Breckenridge, dam Lady Sykes; to be sold for $2,000..... 2

Hinchman & Strong entered ch h Egotist, by Eclipse, dam Vanity, by Revenue, 5 yrs old; to be sold for $500..... 3

Time, 1:22½.

THE THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, MAY 20.

The morning of the third and concluding day of a race meeting which will probably be the last ever held on the Paterson Course, broke bright and fair, contrasting agreeably with the miserable weather of the previous day. The delightful day and the excellent programme of sport, comprising four races, induced numbers to patronise the meeting, and when the bell rang for saddling for the first race there was a good attendance in the grand stand. The track was very heavy after the preceding days' rains, and last time was out of the question. The appended summaries will tell the tale of the last day's proceedings:—

PATERSON COURSE, May 20th.—HURDLE RACE.—Handicap purse, $250, second horse to receive $50 out of purse; two miles, over eight hurdles three feet six inches high, three to accept; closed with the following entries:—

Jas. Toompson entered b h by Simon Kenton, dam by Boston, 5 yrs old, 150lb..... 1

B. W. Hoxey entered c h Tycoon, by O'Meara, 128lb..... 2

M. J. Tulley entered g m Lily Parker, by Engineer, 126lb..... 3

Jas. Thompson entered s h 4 yrs old, by Endorser, dam by Glencoe, 140lb..... dr

Time, 4:43.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes of $20 each, p. p.; $480 added for three year olds; one mile and a quarter. Closed with the following entries:—

M. Littell entered bl c Onyx, by Eclipse, dam Vivandiere, by Revenue..... 1

James Turner entered b g Michell, by Mickey Free, dam by Sovereign..... 2

Charles Littlefield entered b f Nora Kista, by Mickey Free, dam Charmion, by Sovereign..... 3

Time, 2:27.

SAME DAY.—Clifton Plate, $500, sweepstakes of $10 each, p. p.; for three year olds, to carry 90lbs., 3lbs. to mares and geldings; half mile. Second horse to receive the stakes. Closed with the following entries:—

D. McDaniel entered b c by Lexington, dam Alabama, by Brown Dick..... 1

Chas. Littlefield entered ch c Pollock, by Colonna, dam by Grey Eagle..... 2

R. W. Walden entered ch g by Logan, dam National Maid, by Glencoe..... 3

M. A. Litell entered ch c by imp. Balrowrie, dam Emma Johnston, by Union..... dr.

M. A. Littell entered b f by imp. Harlington, dam Optima, by Knight of St. George..... dr

Time, 0:56½.

SAME DAY.—Consolation Purse $150, handicap for all horses run during the meeting. Closed with the following entries:—

Mr. Strong entered ch h Egotist, by Eclipse, dam Vanity, by Revenue, 110 lbs..... 1

John Boughram entered ch m Enchantress, by Lexington, dam Ellen Bateman, 110 lbs..... 2

D. McDaniel entered g h Urbana, 5 yrs old, by Breckenridge, dam Lady Sykes, 110 lbs..... dr.

D. McDaniel entered b h Morrissey, 5 yrs old, by Breckenridge, dam Sophia, by Bonnie Scotland..... dr.

Time, 1:5.

Trotting Matches on the Fashion and Union Courses, L. I.

During the past week three very interesting matches were trotted on the above tracks. On the 21st inst., Dan Mace's blk m Tempest and M. Roden's b m Gertrude, two well known road horses, trotted a race of mile heats in harness, best three in five, for $1,000. Gertrude had the call in the betting at $100 to $85, but Tempest won in three straight heats. Time, 2:44½; 2:42¾; 2:42¾.

On the same course, on the 21st inst., a match for $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, was trotted between John Chamber's b g Twist, to wagon, owner driving, and Wm. Lovell's b g Young Commodore in harness, with M. Roden driving. Twist had shown such steadiness and speed in a sweepstakes trot two weeks ago, which he won, that he was a great favorite at 100 to $25, it being thought that the heavy, muddy track would just suit his mode of action. His opponent is a son of Mr. Turnbull's famous stallion Commodore Vanderbilt, is only five years old, and gives promise of making a fast horse in time. On this occasion he was beaten, for Twist won in three straight heats in 3:00½; 2:57¾; 2:58¾. The track was so heavy and slippery that it was dangerous for a horse to fully extend himself, hence the slow time made, for both horses being capable of going in the forties or better.

On the Fashion Course, on the 22d inst., a sweepstakes trot of $100, mile heats, in harness, came off between four Bull's Head horses, which resulted in a most singular manner. The contestants were C. H. Hill's br m, D. Bristol's ch g, (to wagon,) W. Chamberlin's blk s, and R. Whitson's gr g Spot. The black stallion won the first heat in 3:04¾, Hill's br m the second in 2:59, when Spot was drawn; and in the third heat all the three contestants were distanced in consequence of their running most of the distance.

On the Union Course, on the 21st inst., W. McGoldrick's g g Mac, and Frank White's b m Kate, trotted a match for $200, mile heats, in harness. Mac was the favorite at $50 to $25, and he won in two heats with great ease, his owner driving him by the tail instead of the reins the greater part of the distance. Time, 2:52; 2:54.

LUCY BEATS AMERICAN GIRL IN THREE STRAIGHT HEATS.

The trot between the fast Rashaw mares, Lucy and American Girl, for the proprietors' purse of $1,000, in a race of mile heats, best three in five, in harness, came off on the Fashion Course on Monday, the 17th inst. The course was heavy after the rain of the previous day, and a high wind prevailed during the race, which was unfavorable to fast time; consequently the time made in the third heat—2:25—caused considerable surprise, as it was the fastest that had been made this season. General Butler had also been entered for this purse, but he did not put in an appearance. As soon as the fact became known that the owner of the American Girl was going to allow her old driver, Peter Manee, to drive her again in the race, the betting at once became strongly in favor of Lucy, and the odds were $100 to $45 on her winning. She was driven by John Bowen, of Boston, a horseman of acknowledged skill and reputation. In the first heat, American Girl led to the quarter in 37 sec., but breaking on the back stretch, lost so much ground that Lucy had gained a lead of ten lengths at the half mile; trotted in 1:18. Instead of husbanding American Girl's speed for the succeeding heats, her driver urged her to the utmost to close the gap, and she gained so rapidly on coming up the homestretch that Lucy only beat her by a length in 2:29¼. The betting was $100 to $30 on Lucy, who led to the quarter in 36 seconds, and the half mile in 1:11½, and American Girl breaking, the former won by a length in 2:27¼. The odds now rose to $100 to $15 on Lucy, and M. Roden was now induced to take Manee's place behind the Girl, a change that was received with a round of applause, when he brought her on the track, from those who had backed her. He out-trotted Lucy to the quarter in 36½ seconds, but his mare broke so badly on the backstretch, and Lucy opened a gap of ten lengths, to the half mile, in 1:10½, before she settled to a trot. It seemed impossible to recover so much lost ground, but Roden kept his mare well together, gradually crept up, inch by inch, and came with such a tremendous brush of speed up the homestretch, that he was only two lengths behind at the distance, and Lucy tiring perceptibly at the finish, Bowen had to use the whip sharply to prevent her being beaten. As it was, the two mares crossed the score so closely locked together that the spectators thought the result a dead heat, until the judges decided that Lucy had won the heat and race by a neck in 2:25. This was the fastest heat in the race.

The Lexington, Ky., Spring Race Meeting.

FIRST DAY.

This meeting commenced on the 17th inst., and was one of the most successful ever held over this popular course. The Phœnix Stakes, for three year olds, was the first race on the opening day, entrance being $50, p. p., with $250 added by the proprietor of the Phœnix Hotel; mile heats. It was won by b c Pompey Payne, by Vandal, dam Magenta, in two heats, beating Hertzog (third in the first and second in the last heat), Duffy (second and third) Florence Wallace, distanced in the second heat; and Tibbie Dunbar, distanced in the first heat. The time was 1:47, 1:44½, and is considered the best race ever run on the Lexington course; for although Mammona ran a heat here in 1:44¼, Pompey Payne won the heat so easily by six lengths, that he could have run it in 1:43½.

The mile heat race for the club purse of $150 was won by H. P. McGrath's br. f. Biddy Malone, 4 yrs., by Star Davis, dam Olio, in two heats; beating Maggie Bruce 5 yrs., (second) and Hazard distanced in the first heat for foul riding. Time 1:48¾; 1:49.

SECOND DAY.

The attendance was again unusually large, and the racing good. For the four year old stake of $50 each, p. p. with $500 added, two mile heats, Crossland, Emma Manatta, Bonita, Paris, and Dick Jackson started; the two first named being equal favorites. Crossland won in two heats; Bonita, third and second; Emma Manatta, second and third, and the other two distanced in the first heat. Time 3:39¼; 3:46.

THIRD DAY.

The Mile Heat Race for the Club Purse of $400, best three in five, was won by D. Swigert's King Tom (a brother of King Lear), by Lexington, dam Tokay, beating Hazard, Maggie Hunter, Easter Monday, Phenix Belle and Tom Porter. Hazard won the first and second heats and was second in the next three. King Tom won the third, fourth and fifth, and the race. Maggie Hunter, Easter Monday and Phenix Belle were distanced in the third heat, and Tom Porter in the first heat. Time, 1:46¾; 1:47; 1:45; 1:46½; 1:48¾. This is the fastest time ever made in a race of five heats.

The Green Stake, mile heats, $25 entrance, and $300 added, for three year olds that never won a race, had seven runners. It was won by Harper's Exchange in four heats, beating Coquette, Tom Payne, Blarney Stone, Morgan Scout, Florence Wallace and Joe Shaw. Coquette won the second heat, Joe Shaw the first and was distanced in the second, and Exchange the third and fourth. Scout and Florence Wallace were distanced in the third heat, and Blarney Stone and Tom Payne ruled out for not winning a heat in four. Time, 1:48; 1:45¾; 1:46; 1:50.

FOURTH DAY.

The two mile heat race for the Club Purse of $400 was one of the best contests ever witnessed. James Ford's Woodford Belle, Bonita, Dick Jackson, Biddy Malone and Mollie Lincoln started, Bonita and Dick Jackson making a dead heat of the first in 3:37½. Dick Jackson won the second in 3:40½, Bonita being a good second to him. Woodford Belle won the third and fourth, and the race in 3:43½; 3:42½. Dick Jackson being distanced for foul riding on the last heat.

FIFTH DAY.

The Citizens' Stake for three year old colts and fillies, $50 entrance p. p., with $250 added, was won by General A. Buford's Versailles, by Vandal, dam by Margrave, beating Dublin (second) and Pompey Payne. The latter won the first heat in 3:39¾; Dublin the second in 3:48½, and Versailles the third and fourth in 4:01½; 4:04½.

Racing and Trotting Talk.

The famous trotting horse John Stewart, that trotted twenty miles in one hour, has been matched to trot twenty-one miles in an hour and draw a wagon, to come off over the Narragansett Park, Providence. Oliver Marshall backs time, laying $1,550 to $500 on the old scythe bearer.

Col. Lang, of North Vassalboro, Mass., recently refused $20,000 for the famous trotting stallion General Knox. This horse has already realized at the stud over $60,000 for his owner.

There is a prospect of a match being made between Dr. Weldon's ch g Aldebaran, aged, by Commodore, and Capt. Moore's b h Privateer, 6 yrs, by Lightning, to run four miles, each carrying 100lbs; the race to be run at the Jerome Park Fall Meeting. The Doctor is willing to make the match for $1,500 a side, but Captain Moore prefers making it for $2,500 a side. Probably by next week's issue the match will be arranged.

Mr. J. S. Watson, of Valley Brook Farm, N. J., intends retiring from the turf altogether, and will sell off all his stock of thoroughbred mares (seven in number), one two year old by Prophet, out of Jessie Dixon (the dam of Naraganasett), and six yearlings. The sale takes place on Thursday, June 3d.

The Boston Jockey Club hold a race meeting on the Mystic Park Course on the 13th and 14th July, when a good programme of sport is provided. Five races are run on the first day, comprising a hurdle race, a mile and a two mile dash; a hack race for members, and a handicap cup race over a mile, for gentlemen riders. Capt. Moore's, Dr. Weldon's, and several other stables, now at Jerome Park, will run at this meeting.

The Myron Perry match against Dutchman's time (7:32½) has been consummated by the staking of the money; the backer of time staking $5,000 to $3,000. It comes off Sept. 20th, if fine.

TROTTING AT MYSTIC PARK, BOSTON.—A sweepstakes trot for $150, between Boston Belle, Columbus, and Lady Wilbur, mile heats, best three in five, to wagon, came off on the 17th inst. at Mystic Park, Boston. The same horses had already trotted a race this season, which was won by Lady Wilbur. Boston Belle and Columbus were about equal favorites in the betting, and Lady Wilbur was again declared the winner. Summary:—

MYSTIC PARK, Monday, May 17.—Sweepstakes $150; mile heats, best three in five, to wagon.

Steve Hayes named s m Lady Wilbur..... 1 1 1

A. H. Sanborn named s g Columbus..... 2 2 2

Wm. H. Woodruff named b m Boston Belle..... 3 3 3

Time, 2:50½; 2:59¾; 2:55¾.

MATCHES PROPOSED.—We understand that overtures have been made for a match between Dr. Weldon's ch g Aldebaran, aged, by Commodore, out of Nannie Lewis, by Glencoe, and Captain Moore's b h Privateer, by Lightning, dam by Sovereign, 6 yrs, four miles, each carrying 100lbs, for $5,000. A match at two miles, for $2,000, between Mr. Eckerson's ch h General Yorke, 5 yrs, and Mr. J. O'Donnell's br h Richard B. Connolly, 5 yrs, is also under consideration.

THE SPRING MEETING of the Buckeye Club commences at Cincinnati on Tuesday, the 25th, continuing five days. On Friday last there were some thirty flyers on the course, belonging to the stables of H. Blandy, Kavanagh and Leonard, Richards and Kilgour, Stewart and Drain, J. Coulisk and D. J. Crouse. Buildings and course have been put in thorough repair, and every effort will be made to make the meeting more of a success than those of the past few seasons have been.

PEORIA DRIVING PARK.—The spring meeting at the above Illinois race course commences on June 22d, and continues four days. Nine races are announced, the purses offered for which aggregate $1,175.

VELOCIPEDIANA.

VELOCIPEDE VS. HORSE.—The match heretofore alluded to between George Thudium, who is accredited with having accomplished the fastest mile time on a bicycle on record, viz.: 3:03, and L. W. Moses' roan gelding, P. V. Nasby, driven by his owner, took place at the Camp Morton Course, Indianapolis, Ind., on the afternoon of the 20th inst. The conditions were a two mile dash, the ped to have the advantage of as much time as would be consumed in hitching the horse to the sulky at the start, and unhitching at the end of the heat. After some preliminary jockeying, the word was given, when Thudium struck off slowly and passed the quarter mile post by the time Nasby was hitched to the sulky. Moses was no sooner mounted in his seat than the little roan shot off and had gone but a short distance, when every one present was convinced, by the slow progress Thudium was making, that it was an unevenly matched race. On passing the stand (the first half mile) Thudium worked manfully, but was evidently not making five minute speed, with the horse less than 100 yards behind. As Thudium came up the home stretch, on the first mile, the horse passed him, and the velocipedist, apparently discouraged and disgusted at the heavy odds against him, withdrew from the race. Nasby finished the two miles on a moderate trot, making the heat in seven minutes and fifty-one seconds.

FRANK SWIFT CHALLENGED BY BOYLE.—The Brooklyn bicycle artist, James H. Boyle, aspires to the championship and desires to contest with Frank Swift for the title, as will be observed by the subjoined challenge, which comes to us accompanied by a $50 greenback:—

TO FRANK SWIFT.—DEAR SIR.—I hereby challenge you to ride a velocipede race for $500 a side and the championship which you now claim to hold; mile heats, best 3 in 5, ten minutes between heats, to be run either in New York or Brooklyn; the machines to be used to be of the Wood Bros., Pickering or Taylor and Gill manufacture. I would suggest the race be run on the same day that was set for the Swift-Hanlon match, viz:—The 23d of June. Should you see fit to accept this challenge, I will meet you at the Velocipede Academy, in Crosby street, on Wednesday, 26th inst., at 2 P. M., and draw up articles. I have deposited $50 as forfeit at the CLIPPER office, with Mr. FRANK QUEEN. Yours respectfully,

JAMES H. BOYLE.

PHILADELPHIA VELOCIPEDROME.—Mr. Wm. E. Sinn's Chestnut street rink is meeting with great patronage, both day and night. On Tuesday evening, 18th inst., a prize exhibition was given Mr. W. R. Van Deneer riding for a gold watch valued at $75; he was to complete five miles in twenty minutes. The time-table of the race is as follows:—1st mile, 3 min. and 30 sec.; 2d, 3 min. and 15 sec.; 3d, 3 min. and 13 sec.; 4th, 3 min. and 16 sec.; 5th, 3 min. and 15 sec.—thus making the five miles in 16 min. and 29 sec., winning the prize. Mr. Thos. Hoyle, champion of the State, won the side-saddle race, also for fancy riding. Leslie Stone won the double race for gents. Master Griffiths won the double race for boys, also side-saddle race for boys. The rink was crowded with a brilliant audience, who were delighted at this exciting exhibition.

ALFRED MOE, skatorial artist, recently accomplished the task of working a bicycle with one foot a distance of ten miles in one hour and fifteen minutes. It was done at the rink, Allegheny City, Pa., and he did not get off the machine during that time.

THE BICYCLE TOO MUCH FOR LAGE.—There was a goodly attendance at the Velocipede Rink, Boston, on the evening of the 21st inst., when a race was advertised between the Indian Deerfoot and C. W. Littlefield, the redskin, to cover five miles while the latter rode six on a bicycle. The race was closely contested, but the velocipede was a little too fast for the "Injun," and beat him about half a mile, the winner's time was 26 minutes 15 seconds. On the evening of the 22d Deerfoot was to run against Littlefield for a purse of $300.

JACK COFFEE has been tendered a benefit at the velocipedrome on Boreum street, Brooklyn, which is to take place on the evening of the 31st inst. He will perform certain feats, in addition to which a cup will be offered to the fastest bicyclist, distance one mile:—Jas. H. Melville will ride one mile against any pedestrian walking half a mile, and there will be a one mile walking handicap for a silver watch, open to all, together with exhibition riding by experts.

HARRY LESLIE, the "hero of Niagara," was to attempt the feat of riding one hundred miles in 10½ hours, on a velocipede, at the Keystone Skating Rink, Alleghany City, Pa., on the 24th inst.

THE LE POLO TROUPE, consisting of four gentlemen and two lady velocampipedestrians, were advertised to appear at City Hall, Providence, R. I., on the 24th, 25th and 26th inst.

THE RING.

BUSSEY FORFEITS TO REARDON.

We regret to have it to state that the match entered into some weeks ago between Fred. Bussey (who fought Duffy and McAlpine) and Patsy Reardon, the famous English middle-weight, has fallen through, owing to the inability of Bussey to procure the amount necessary to make good the second deposit of $200 a side, which fell due on Saturday, 22d inst., several days prior to which time Reardon's money was forwarded to this office by Thomas D. Reilly, of the Clipper Shades, Chicago. Fred. arrived in this city on the morning of the 20th inst., after a very unsuccessful trip, bad weather and other causes operating to knock in the head his calculations of picking up considerable of the filthy, but yet acceptable, lucre *en route* from the Garden City, consequently he was compelled, much to his chagrin, to forfeit the amount he had previously posted, out of his own pocket, after having exerted himself to the utmost to obtain the requisite amount and go on with a match which he felt the utmost confidence of proving successful in. By the following communication it will be observed that Bussey is still ready to meet Reardon if anybody will stand behind him in such a match. Can't some of those who admire pluck and fancy a good mill occasionally, give him a chance to gratify this desire:—

NEW YORK, May 22, '69.

FRANK QUEEN—DEAR SIR.—In being reluctantly compelled to forfeit the $200 now in your hands upon my behalf, owing to the fact that I cannot raise the additional $200 required to make good the second deposit to-day, I wish to say a few words: When I made the match with Reardon, though having lost considerable money by being robbed out of my fight with McAlpine, I felt confident I could obtain the amount and accordingly posted $200 of my own money to bind the agreement. Since then, however, my expectations have not been realized, and although I have tried all I could to meet this misfortune, I have unfortunately failed, and forfeit, deeply to my regret. I hope, however, to be able ere long to make another match with Mr. Reardon, whom I am very anxious to fight, and if any person thinks well enough of me to back me against him, I will name sign articles, and all I can say is that I will do my best to retain their good opinion and win.

Yours resp'y, FRED BUSSEY.

A NIGHT FOR PETER MAGUIRE.—For the second time since his *début* as a sparrer, and the first since his battle with Mike Hickey (in which he so unfortunately lost when the tide of battle seemed in his favor and his friends had so much cause for hope), that clever light-weight, Pete Maguire, will make an appeal to the fistic public of the metropolis at Continental Hall, corner of 34th street and Eighth avenue, on the evening of Saturday, 29th inst. He has received the promise of a number of the boxing celebrities of this city and Brooklyn to "stand and abet" on the occasion, while the wind-up will bring into opposition Maguire and Con Fitzgerald, which in itself will be worth the price asked for the pasteboard. Pete has been under considerable expense in the way of doctor's bills, etc., since he fought Hicken, and the boys ought to see that he has a bumper, and thus aid a deserving young fellow. Uncle Tovee will direct affairs before the foot-lights.

FRED BUSSEY will probably give a sparring exhibition in Brooklyn during the latter part of the current week, and in view of the "financial difficulties" in which he is at present placed it is to be hoped that he will take in a good round sum at the door. The boys will all be anxious to see him set-to and if, as is intended, he winds up with Pat Kelley, a warm boxing match may be looked for.

A LIGHT-WEIGHT BATTLE.—During the first week in May an impromptu contest at catch-weight took place between a brace of light-weights, hailing from Salford, Eng., and named respectively Young Wadlow (Chamber's novice) and Jack Wilson, for a small stake, but in reality the match was made to settle a grievance which existed between them. Wilson was the challenger, and his friends were so confident that they laid 2 to 1 on him freely. The trysting spot was Agecroft, a few miles outside the city, and nearly 300 spectators assembled there in an early hour. Both were seconded by well known talent, but it proved a very rough affair, in consequence of the absence of the customary ropes and stakes. A referee having been selected, the lads shook hands, and hostilities were at once commenced. Wilson is the bigger lad, but Wadlow fought him cleverly, and, after a slashing battle of 25min., during which 15 rounds were contested, Wilson was compelled to cry a go, and Wadlow was hailed the winner.

EXHIBITION IN THE BAY STATE.—Ned O'Baldwin held forth at Lawrence Hall, Lawrence, Mass., on Friday evening, 14th inst., and was greeted by a good-sized gathering. The show began with a box between a couple of young 'uns of local repute, followed by another duo from the same place, one of whom, in revenge for a severe poultice on the organ of smell, closed with his opponent and began to masticate his shoulder, for which cannibalistic proceeding he was quietly kicked down stairs by the master of ceremonies, Bill Tierney. After this came some good displays of skill and strength. Tierney and Myers, and McLear and Murphy making the best show. At last O'Baldwin and Ned Swift were introduced by Jim Coffee, but after a brief set-to Swift "wanted to go home," and Coffee supplied the vacancy thus created. The display was rather tame, owing to the difference in the caliber of the men, and a disposition upon the part of Coffee to keep well out of harm's way, which isn't to be wondered at, however.

SCRAPPING MATCH.—We are informed that a scrapping match took place at Hog Island, near Philadelphia, between a couple of novices named respectively "Shorty" (for short, we presume) and Cranson, on the 18th inst., fought off the reel in presence of about thirty persons, who journeyed to the spot in fishing skiffs. It was a humane and tongs affair all through, and was pretty evenly contested up to the 25th round, when, by a lucky poultice on the dial, Shorty turned the tide in his favor, and at the conclusion of the 28th round the sponge was hoisted by the seconds of Cranson. The time occupied was one hour and three-quarters.

BARNEY AARON has not vouchsafed any response to the very fair terms offered by Collins last week, who proposed to fight in Canada for the sum Barney at first declared his readiness to fight for any sum living! To wit, viz.: $1,500 a side, which is $1,000 a side more than Tim originally challenged for. It is but right to expect, now that Collins' friends have agreed to the terms Aaron at first mentioned, that Barney should concede something himself—and if he wants a fight he'll do it. Let's wait and see.

TIM HUSSEY writes us that he is nearly tired waiting for the return of Jim Coffee to Boston, and thinks the latter don't desire to meet him with the gloves, which was what caused Tim to make the trip to the "Hub." Hussey wishes us to return his thanks to Sam Turner, the Shea Brothers, Prof. Denny, Messrs. McCluskey, Bent, Keenan, Campbell and others, for favors shown him.

LOONEY AND ROGERS.—The final deposit of $200 a side for the mill between Ed. Looney and Joe Rogers, fixed for the 22d inst., was posted at Central City, Col. Ter., on the 15th, and the whole amount, $1,000, was transferred to the keeping of Tom Burns, final stakeholder. Both men were said to be in excellent condition.

BOB BRETTLE sailed for England on the 15th inst. He has left his saloon, in the Smoky City, in charge of his nephew, Harry Hurley, and as soon as he settles up his affairs across the water will, we understand, return to the States with his family.

BILLY WHITE takes exception to the statement that his match with Carroll fell through because he did not wish to go on with it, and says emphatically that such was not the case. Circumstances caused the public to infer as much.

JOE WORMALD appears to be "well fixed" in Montreal, C. E., where he has a large class of pupils. He was announced to give an exhibition at his rooms, over McVittie's Royal Billiard Room, on the evening of the 22d inst.

BILL CLARE, "the Professor," is able to be upon his feet again, though he is obliged to use a cane. Otherwise he looks as "blooming" as ever.

MIKE TRAINOR is at present sojourning in the City of Brotherly Love.

O'BALDWIN is advertised to show at New Haven, Ct., on Wednesday evening, 26th inst.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Sam Collyer, Jimmy Elliott, Teddy McAuliffe and Patsy Sheppard.

FREE BATHS.—Recognizing the fact that in large, densely populated cities, that adjunct to perfect health, personal cleanliness, is not readily attainable by all classes, and appreciating the advantages to be derived from the establishment of free bathing places, where the poorest among us may, under certain necessary regulations, secure this, the members of the Veteran Temperance Society are now earnestly agitating the subject of free baths, fresh and salt, hot and cold water, in the metropolis, and other cities throughout the Union. A series of meetings in different sections has been commenced in this interest and fifty thousand dollars of the tax levy are for the immediate erection of two free floating baths—one on the East river, and one on the Hudson.

FROM EUROPE TO ASIA VIA AMERICA.—A point of some interest, in view of the opening of the Pacific Railroad, arises as to the difference of time from London to China and Japan by the overland route through Egypt, and the westward route *via* the Pacific Railroad. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's time is:—From London to Hong Kong, 41 days; Shanghai, 46 days, and Yokohama, 52 days, including all stoppages and intervals for transhipments, which occupy about 7 days. Westward, the time would probably be:—London to New York, ten days; New York to San Francisco, 7 days; San Francisco to Hong Kong, 18 days—total, 35 days, not allowing any time for transhipments.

SCIENCE AND ART.—The annual receptions of the students of Cooper Union will be held at Cooper Institute, during the current week; that of the ladies' department on the evening of the 27th inst., and that of the gentlemen's on the 28th, preliminary to the annual commencement, which is announced for the following evening, 29th, in the large hall. These receptions are always very attractive and entertaining to those who are capable of appreciating the beauties of art, as is attested by the select character of the large assemblages annually attending, and those now in prospective promise to be equally as interesting as any which have preceded them.

"CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE; OR, THE SPORTS OF NEW YORK." By W. BAER.—Those who wish to gain a further insight into the character of that rollicking, roystering blade, known as "Champagne Charlie," than is conveyed by the popular ditty, can do so by perusing the pages of a new novel from the pen of Warren Baer, bearing the above attractive title, and published by Robt. M. DeWitt, 13 Frankfort street, this city.

"THE HUNTER'S GUIDE AND TRAPPER'S COMPANION" is the title of a neatly gotten up little work, containing in a small compass much information, valuable not only to the inexperienced but to those who make hunting and trapping a business. The price asked is very low, and the work can be obtained of Messrs. Hunter & Co., publishers, Hinsdale, N. H.

BILLIARDS.

THE MASSACHUSETTS TOURNAMENT,

E. E. WILMARTH, CHAMPION.

In our last issue we gave the result of the playing during the first five days in the tournament held at the Gymnic Theatre, Boston, and below we present summaries of the subsequent games:—

SIXTH DAY, SATURDAY, MAY 15.

MURPHY VS. DAVIS.

MURPHY—15, 3, 3, 0, 0, 0, 3, 9, 27, 0, 55, 0, 6, 66, 12, 9, 6, 29, 61, 75, 42, 63, 0, 0, 12—503. Average, 20.

DAVIS—6, 0, 9, 27, 3, 0, 7, 3, 3, 0, 8, 3, 21, 3, 0, 24, 3, 3, 3, 6, 6, 0, 3, 0, 18, 9, 12—211. Average 8½. Time 0 game, 50 minutes.

WILMARTH VS. BROOKS.

WILMARTH—5, 0, 6, 0, 3, 18, 6, 6, 0, 0, 27, 3, 0, 0, 6, 12, 0, 39, 9, 3, 3, 33, 27, 3, 12, 0, 6, 3, 3, 0, 0, 45, 6, 12, 84, 1, 48, 0, 15, 27, 6, 6, 0, 21—502. Average, 11½.

BROOKS—3, 0, 1, 3, 18, 0, 3, 0, 18, 0, 3, 12, 3, 1, 0, 18, 0, 6, 0, 0, 12, 6, 18, 9, 3, 15, 0, 3, 21, 3, 1, 9, 0, 12, 3, 12, 15, 0, 3, 18, 3, 27, 3, 15—303. Average, 7. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

BROOKS VS. DAVIS.

BROOKS—0, 9, 3, 9, 0, 15, 3, 48, 15, 18, 0, 6, 0, 0, 18, 18, 0, 15, 33, 39, 0, 3, 3, 4, 27, 3, 9, 0, 21, 0, 3, 3, 18, 42, 3, 3, 4, 3, 24, 0, 0, 3, 12, 9, 18, 6, 9, 12, 0, 9, 12—501. Average, 9 4 5.

DAVIS—0, 0, 3, 3, 15, 3, 9, 0, 0, 3, 9, 0, 21, 9, 3, 42, 0, 0, 0, 6, 3, 3, 0, 3, 0, 6, 6, 0, 0, 3, 1, 3, 0, 6, 6, 0, 6, 3, 0, 9, 12, 0, 9, 27, 15, 15, 6, 0, 0, 0, 0, 18, 9—315. Average, 6¾. Time, 1 hour and 30 minutes.

An exhibition game followed between Messrs Daniels and Tobin, 300 points up.

WAN'T IT QUEER?

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Together they stood on the sandy shore,
The handsomest couple you ever saw;
She was tall and slender and very straight,
He dark and noble and twenty-eight.

Together they stood—as before I said—
Upon his shoulder her little head;
Her hair was arranged with excellent taste,
And his arm was around her yielding waist.

The sun had set—it was nearly dark—
In the water near by them a hungry shark
Was a-flying about and a-frisking his tail,
And giving chase to a humpbacked whale!

Sea lions snorted, alligators roared,
And out on a rock an ancient fraud—
(You s kiom see 'em) a Hippogriff—
Sat rubbing his legs that were cold and stiff.

And a hippopotamus—a savage old cuss—
Was having a row with a wallapus;
And a festive sword-fish—very fierce—
Was learning a halibut *carte* and *tierce*.

A limber old sea serpent wriggled along,
Arm in arm with a big dugong;
And close at hand sat two sleepy seals,
Watching the squirms of some lamprey eels.

There were flying-fish, and a hippocamp,
The latter mouldy and kind o' damp;
A boa constrictor, and boxotes,
And many another, besides, than these.

And then ashore, there you might see
A prowling around, the chimpanzee,
The gay hyena, and untamed horse,
As well as the wild rhinoceros.

The wolf and the cougar, the humped zebu,
Were also there, and the wanderoo;
Likewise elephants, and one saw in a while
You could catch a glimpse of a crocodile.

A howling monkey, a porcupine—
A very large specimen, choice and fine;
A kinkajou, a lion, a bear,
A giraffe, and all the birds of the air:

Such as eagles, cockatoos, a sparrow-hawk,
A vulture, ravens, a tall, slim stork,
Falcons and bats, and a cormorant,
A penguin, an ostrich, and adjutant.

A heron, and likewise a pelican,
A tantalus and a ptarmigan,
A parrot and jackdaw, and, cheek by jowl,
Flew a flamingo and horned owl.

There were insects, whose names I can't repeat,
And things with ever so many feet;
Some covered with hair, and some without,
This happy couple were prowling about.

But, such is the magical power of love,
She didn't as much as wink or move;
Sufficient to scare to death anyone else
Did not affect, in the least, her poise!

When, all of a sudden—what was that
Coming down from her front-hair, under her hat?
Her courage forsook her—her color rose—
As a spider lit on the tip of her nose!

Then exceedingly pale grew her lovely cheek;
She uttered a wild, unearthly shriek,
And begged him, if he wanted her for a wife,
To knock it off and preserve her life.

Which he did, in haste, and she swooned away
And ever so long in his arms did lay.
Wan't it queer, after all I've told, that she
So scared by a little, black spider should be?

J. H. B.

HUNTERS' YARNS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY HAMILTON.

In relating the following stories, I am only telling simple *facts*. The reader can draw his own conclusions regarding them.

Every old hunter has some good stories to tell of his adventures—some terrible, some comical, some curious. Of the latter class is the following, which has always puzzled the hero immensely.

He one day went out "still hunting." As sometimes the sportsman gets only one chance at a deer in a day, and as a missfire, just at the critical moment, may turn to nought a weary, cautious tramp, the rifle is always loaded with great care.

In this instance the hunter used a particularly selected ball, whose surface had some mark thereon, by which he could pick it out, when wanted, from among the numbers in his bullet-pouch. Having loaded with very great exactness, he started upon the track of a deer, and walked without getting a shot until about 12. He then put his rifle against a tree, and sat down to it and ate his dinner. He then walked again until near evening, when, being discouraged, he turned his steps homeward, without having seen either deer or human being.

Just as the outskirts of the forest he heard a bluejay chattering. Now, a bluejay is the hunter's sworn enemy. When he sees the sportsman stealing upon his unsuspecting prey, he makes a diabolical noise, which, being understood by the deer, that quadruped immediately departs swiftly, leaving the biped venisonless and savage. So, in return for these favors, the hunter always shoots a jay on sight.

Consequently, a bead was immediately drawn on him and the trigger pulled. The cap snapped, but the rifle did not go off. The bird laughed vociferously, after its manner, and hopped upon another twig.

The hunter capped again and drew another bead on the bird; snap went the cap. The jay almost split its sides laughing, and hopped *nearer*, again and again; the same result followed, while the forest rang with the jay's cachinnations.

Then the astonished hunter thrust his ramrod down the barrel, and lo! the *gun was empty*. Now the rifle had left his hand, since loading, only during the brief period of his mid-day repast, when he sat close beside it, and where its charge went to will always be a huge puzzle to him.

Of course the practical man will say that he never loaded his gun; but among other proofs that he did, is the fact that the marked bullet was certainly gone from his pouch, where it certainly was in the morning. The probable solution of the mystery is that the jay was the ANCIENT HENRY, who, having instructed the load, assumed the form of a bird, in order to have a grim joke with the sportsman.

At least the hunter thinks so; he *ought* to know better than any one else, because he was present and no one else *was*.

An incident of a tragical nature occurred twenty years ago in a township not fifteen miles from the southern end of Cayuga lake.

It is well known that in all parts of the country where deer abound, the hunters have a superstition about a haunted deer, which is invulnerable to lead and whose huge size and peculiar marks render him readily distinguishable from the rest of his species.

The hunters aver that they have seen him rifle bullets glance from his side, as though he were iron clad. A silver ball is generally considered the only projectile which can end the charmed life of the "haunted deer." But I never heard of any specie bullet dealing destruction upon the four legged mystery, even when bullion was par. He would be an extravagant man, who, now-a-days, should try the experiment.

Upon one bright morning a dozen young men went out for a drive, and as they were separating to take their posts at the different "run ways," one of them loaded with unusual care: and, as he put down his bullet, he said, laughingly:—"With this ball I am going to kill the haunted deer." A few minutes after the report of his rifle rang through the forest, and when his comrades went toward the spot he was found dead—shot through the heart with his own bullet.

His corpse was sadly carried home, and at his funeral an event occurred which would seem incredible were it not attested by a great multitude of witnesses who were gathered together to bury him out of their sight.

His house was in the outskirts of the village, and after the services were ended and the coffin placed in the hearse, and just before the procession moved, a large deer, recognized by every hunter as the "haunted deer," sprang over the forest fence into the lane, moved a short distance before the hearse, in the presence of the awe-stricken assemblage, then sprang back into the forest, and was never seen again.

The inhabitants of C—— still speak with bated breath of the "haunted deer, which killed George Wilson and then came to his funeral."

A very funny story is told of the puzzled hunter first spoken of in this sketch. He had lived in the far west for some time—had seen all sorts of hard characters, and, among other western accomplishments, he had picked up the art of throwing the tomahawk. He was a dry, quiet fellow, who, I verily believe, did not know what fear was—had a constitutional courage from boyhood up. When quite young I slept with him at one time, and in the middle of one night he turned me out of bed suddenly, saying I had not cut my toe nails; and I had to seek a couch as best I could in the darkness.

Also, one night, when my toe nails *were* cut, he astonished me by getting out of bed and seizing his tomahawk, with which he went out of the back door into the garden. Having been gone about half an hour, he came back and went to bed. I asked him where he had been, and he told me to go to the devil, so I went—to sleep.

Next morning I heard that the houses on both sides of as had been entered during the night, and that the tracks of the burglars were marked across our garden, so my gentleman, hearing them, had gone out quietly to have a shy at them, after the manner of We-a-wough-wough, the Big Bull Frog of the Pawnee Loups. But to my story.

A party went out some ten miles from I—— to still hunt. A change in the weather made driving possible, but they had no dogs with them. Their landlord told them that a few miles away lived an English doctor, who had a fine pack of hounds. He was one of those queer characters who are found in strange places all over the world, where they would be least likely to be found, judging from the rules of probabilities.

Generally some weakness, defect, or fault, strands them on these strange places, and leaves them to rot there. This Englishman was not an exception. Finely educated, a gentleman born, yet he was a country doctor in a wild backwoods county in New York. His bane was alcohol. When sober he was eminently skillful, known for many miles around as having snatched from the jaws of death several persons given over to die by the ordinary physicians round about. When he drank at all he drank to excess, and became coarse, quarrelsome and reckless.

Well, the party sent over to the doctor's—found him sober and perfectly willing to lend the hounds, and more than willing to accompany them himself on the prospect presenting itself of unlimited lush. So he came over early the next morning; the hunters had a successful day and a pleasant evening afterwards. A messenger came after the doctor, calling him to an urgent case, and he departed, with a promise of speedy return, having been the life of the party all day.

The next morning, the doctor being still missing, the party took his dogs and had another fine day's sport. They were enjoying the evening in a quiet way, when in strode the doctor, drunk and savage. He took no notice of the company; but paced the room, muttering curses upon the impudence of men taking and hunting a gentleman's hounds without his leave. He was evidently working himself into a passion, purposely. He had put kerosene on the furnace fires and fled down the safety valve, and an explosion was sure to follow.

By and by it came. With a loud oath he drew out a huge bowie knife and brandished it in the air. Then there was a scattering. The party jumped into the corners of the room and held chairs, by the *backs*, in front of them, to keep off his rush by the *legs*.

There were two exceptions, however, to this general attitude-striking. Dick Smith seized the poker, and the—bolted into the closet and shut himself in. The man who disliked my toe nails sat still and smoked his pipe. He had seen such scenes before out west.

The doctor stalked up and down, snorted, raged fearfully, and waxed louder and louder. The statues in the corners held out their chairs faithfully, and the gentleman with the poker aired his eye at the closet keyhole.

By and by the sitter finished his pipe, knocked the ashes out, put it on the mantelpiece, and took therefrom his tomahawk.

Walking up to the bloody minded man, he said, calmly—"Give me that knife!"

The doctor stopped and looked at him."

"*Give* me that knife!" a little more imperatively, said the calm voice.

The doctor stopped brandishing it but did not give it up.

"GIVE me that knife!"

And he saw that article of Indian warfare of which he had heard but which he had never seen before, the terrible tomahawk, raised above his head. Traditions of scalps, war dances and tortures flitted through his brain, and—

"Here's the knife, sir," he said, most politely, and quietly went to his bedroom.

Then Dick Smith came forth with the poker.

"It's lucky," he said, "that the doctor gave up that knife, for I was just coming out to brain him with this."

VALKING DOWN BROADWAY.—No. 9.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Sharley, since we vas down here, dese feilers hafe peen eckstreamly busy; dey hafe peen consolidading der dwo Boards; der Open Board and der Regular Board hafe peen gottin married, und dey are now von, und henceford dey vill be known only as der New York Shtock Exchange, mit a cash cabital of $800,000.00, all in bennies—dem fellers, Sharley, peleef dot "in Onion dere is strength," und in "a multitood of counclimen dere is such visdom." Id dond made any difference to us, Sharley, we can scoop dem in here coust se veil as we cood by going ub dwo flides of shtairs to do it. Der oder day dey had a cread dime down here—dey carried der old gendlemen, George Henriques, all round in his chair, und I radder dink he liked der ride poody veil. Come ride along, Sharley; of I git dalking doo loud und you catch nay ven listdening to dry und get "a boint," chust gife me a nudge mit your elpow, und I vill go shlow.

Sharley, you sed dere is a goot many peebles in dis blace mit high insdeps on deir noses, und you musd be careful und nod say someding to dem, as you mighd render yourself liaple for someding or anoder; look oud, Sharley, of you git der hook-noses down on you vonce, Saltpeder nor Salmd Peter voudn't safe you.

You see dot gendlemen ub behind dot desk, calling off—der von mit der oak colored hair und musdash. Dot is Moses Aaron Wheelock, der Vice President of der New York Shteck Exchange. He has got a bowerful voice, ain't he? He dalks chust as of he had dwo bair of lungs. Yes, sir, dots Wheesea A. Moloch, und he is a fery nice kind of man. He brides himself on being a lady's man, Sharley, und he vill git ub any dime in a car or a sdage und gife a lady a seat—on his lap. He lifes ub town, Carmansville, und is vell known on der roalraid cars. I believe he gits $10,000.00 a year for dalking oud loud for der Board, und he is vorth every cent of it.

You see dis gendleman mit side viskers und musdash? Dis is W. B. Lockwood. He is a fery cool, collected kind of a man, Sharley, und he is a gread bull on "Southern." I don'd dink dough dot he efer made much on it.

Dot feller mit der slouch hat und linen dusder on, dot is visaling like a killyloo bird, is Jimmy Davis. Jimmy is very varm on der dance, Sharley, und he looks enuff like Chenerel Grant to be took for von of his relations und he oughdned to an office. Shake!

Here is a nice feller, Sharley. Dis is der gendleman dot dey say backed der St. John's crew of boat builers, W. B. Sancton. W. B. makes gold a specialdy, und deals mit der "fildy luker" more dan shtocks.

Look ride ofer dere und you vill nodice a shord, dickset berson. Vell, dot's Peter Kissam. Peter vas a great bull on "Central," und venefer he don'd vant any he chenerally bids for 5,000. Goot vay, ain't it? 75, seller 2, for any bart of 5,000.

Here is a cholly Frenchman, Sharley; dis is M. Fleutet—like der read of der Frenchmens he vas fery bartial to nice wine und der fair seeds. Bully for der Frenchmens; yes, und der Dutchmens, too.

Dis gendleman mit der black viskers is Misder H. L. Horton, der grand dealer in Reading. Dey say he looks kind of *cross* since he barted mit der *Dotger*. Dot's a choke—see it, Sharley?

Sharley, did you nefer nodice ven you vas oud, dot some gendlemens ven dey are in der sociedy of ladies, vas always self-bossessed und are alvays makin demselfs acreeable, nefer bed a loss for someding to say? Vell, dis dall berson mit dot awful heafy musdash, Misder H. J. Messenger, is von of dem kind; he is, ven he geds in combany, a gread dalkiad, und he vas almosd as heafy on chin moosic as any von you efer heerd.

Dis indiweedual mit der ligbd musdash und side viskers, is a rebresendadife from Manhaddanville—Mr. Jenkes—familarly known as dot Cabtain Jenks of der Hors-es Marine.

Dis dall gendleman mit black side viskers und sbeckdakles is Shepard Knapp, der 3d. He is a shmard yunk feller, Sharley, und he vas fery shweed on young ladies from Carman's village, or 152 shtreed some calls it. He looks enuff like his uncle to be his cousin-in-law, und from whom, I expect, he gets many "a cloud."

Here is a shport of der fird vater—dis shord, dickset gendleman mit a ligbd suid of close. Dis, Sharley, is Leroy Nichols, und he leefs down on Shtaten Island, vere he keebs der fasdest deam on der blace. He has chust made a bet of $100,000 on Pacific Mail. Sharley, of you had such a bet like dot und you vas to vin, vat vood you do? I know cekseckly vat you vood do, of you loosed—you vood skedoodle mitoud makin good. I know vat you vood do. Der fery nexd shteamer dot sailed for Ireem n'yawk, you, und your vood be dhere. You vill ride a book aboud dis country und deil der peebles dot id vas no goot blace for anypody to leef in, und of der Americans crowied you vood send pack der hundred dousand und gif it to der boor, voodn'd you? Yes, you vood—not.

Dots a fact, Sharley, dot is so; he does look like Sam McLaughlin, bud dot aind him. Ohi no, dis is T. R. Strong, fourmerly receiving Deller of der City Bank. He is a nice man, doo, Sharley.

Dis gendleman mit dot ecksdreamly high forehead is William M. Parks—gread shport, Sharley; he has got a son dot dey say can oudshood any boy in der coundry, und der old gendleman he dinks so vell of him dot he is viling to put ub on him for almosd any amound. Parks is very well sadisfied mit der consolidation of der dwo Boards, und dot has put 50 bounds more flesh on his ribs, he likes it so vell. Dere vas noding like bein salded.

I told you, Sharley, dot I vas goin to took you in a varm blace, und, now you hafe got in, you musd not combiain of der sufficadingness of der heat. You vill go by a varmer blace dan dis, my son, ven you bass in your checks, und you vould gif a hundred dimes of dis to be reclined like dot gendleman mit dot velvet coat und der big musdash—E. G. Field—dot is viping der shweat off his head und face by der pailsful? Dods Doctor Field, Sharley, und he is a hard vorker—he is der von dot does pisness for der *paper dealers*.

You see dis gendleman shtanding mit his back to dot pord? I mean dot gendleman vere mit der ligbd goadee on his chin? Vell, dot's J. W. George—top ub feller, Sharley—he has been a cread believer in "central" George is a goot judge of a horse, und ven he vas ub in Saratoga 3 years ago, he kinder of cooled der boys down bedding on Kentucky.

Dis dall, dicknified looking gendlemen, mit dem gloves on mit der ends cut off of der fingers, is John R. Garland, a southern gendleman. Mister Garland for der bast year has been a gread bear in der shtock market, und I guess he knows vat he vas doin.

Sharley, did you efer nodice dem bictures on der railings in der front of der City Hall? I mean der railings around der Park. Vell, did you efer nodice dot dey haf all got such a sun shiney lookin ring around der heads? Chust look at dat pig face in der middle und see if you don't look like a 10 cent bicture of von of der absosties. Dis is Gus Talcott. Gus is a blonder, und he dond dye elder. I hafe known him for some dime, und I am viling to shwore dot efery dime I see him dot his hair is blonder don efer. He is a nice feller, dough, Sharley, und he likes "Reading" und "Western Union" poody veil.

Don't you like dot nice dalker, Sharley? I mean a berson dot is refined in his conversation und uses shaste language? Vell, you see dis feller mit der black musdash? He is von of dem kind. He is fery careful of his language, und I don'd subbose he vood say "Prunes" of he dought it vas rong. No, sir, John Brown nefer says anyding dot Henry Ward Beecher voodn't say on der subge of his "Preaching Rink;" und John Brown is right, Sharley—John Brown is right efery dime.

Sharley, did you efer saw a berson dot coodn't eat anyding, no madder how nice dot vas cooked or how balatable dot vas to his doothe? Vell, here is chust such a berson, "Rinderpest" F. B. Wallace. He is a jolly good feller, bud he can't ead anyding—he has got no place to put it. Ain't dot a shame, Sharley?

Dis gendleman mit long viskers is a very confidential berson, Sharley, und he is always ready for a order. He use to done pisness in der Oben Board for Johnny Clews. Yes, sir, he is always ready for a order, und "Orders recelved und bromdtly addended to" is der modde of J. P. Lippincott.

Dis shord, dick-set berson mit such a black musdash und fine eyes is der grand financier of Vall shtreed—Henry Clews. Clews vas a *self-made man*, Sharley, und he is eckstremly friendly mit dem fellers dot ride for der newspabers. Ve are some of dem, Sharley, conseykerwendly he vas obliged to rise us pooty veil.

Dis gendleman mit dot long, badriarchal vite peard, is J. Raphael, who leefs ub town in a prown shtone front. I believe he use to be a Bawn-broker, but he has taken in der bails, und is now vell fixed; he is von of dose deserfing men, Sharley, und he is undibbled to a barrel of money.

You saw dot funk feller shump ofer dem railing chust now—der von mit crimson hair und musdash, mit der gray suid on? Vel, dots Ed Drake. Drake is very heafy on der boat-pull, Sharley, und he vood radder do dot dan anyding else, mitoud dot is to go to a barty. I radder dink he vood take in der bardy firsd, und pull nexd.

Here is der Dreasurer of our Board, D. C. Hayes. He has a fine blace at Inwood. He is a good feller, Sharley, und he is liked muchly by der members of der Board.

Don'd you remember dot leedle ballad dot we use to sing ven we vas shildin down der cellar doors in der old coundry?—

"I'd like to been a angel and mit dem angels shtand,
Und play upon der base drum all in dot vild oo-ya-ya-ya."

Vell, how vood you like to been a angel like dis gendleman? Yes, dis dall gendleman mit dem long viskers—he is a angel. He is A. H. Angel—dot's his name, und I hafe no doupt bud he is a angel; at least in name, of he vasn't oderwise.

Dis leedle short man, mit der prown musdash, is E. M. Knowles. He is a very acdive, viry man, Sharley—always has a eye to pisness, und voodn'd let an ky get away from him of running wood hellup it.

Here is von of der shtewards of der Jerome race drack. Dis is W. R. Travis. Travis is a great shtory tolder—very heafy on puns, und fond of a joke.

Sharley, dis vinds us ub for to-day, und ve mused "walk off." Dere is a goot many dot ve von't nodice, bud I radder dink, Sharley, ve von't shtip any of dem, dot is any of dem dot ve vant. Let's go down in Schedler's und take a shmall cider und den go ub.

DO BEEN CONDINUED.

A NEGRO'S BIBLE LEARNING.—A negro, named Ephe, who was a regular attendant at church, was proud of his Bible learning. He was sawing wood one day, while his master's son, a lad about twelve years old, was looking on, and now and then asking questions. Ephe asked, "Which of the Apostles do you like best?" "Well, I don't know," drawled the boy. "I like Sampson," said Ephe; "he was so strong, and piled up dem wicked folks so." "Why, Ephe," replied the boy, "Sampson wasn't one of the Apostles." Ephe put down his saw and looked at the youngster for a moment in amazement, and then asked him, with an air of triumph, "Look here, white boy, how old am you?" "Twelve," replied the boy. "Well, I'se forty; now, who ought to know best, I ax you dat?"

TOUCHING CLIMAX.—The sun had sunk behind the western hills, and the bright rays which streaked the horizon had disappeared, when a lovely female, who had been but six short weeks a bride, sat in a seclndee apartment with her husband. She slowly moved her slender form towards the partner of her bosom, raised her delicate hand, and—*slapped his face.*

TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.

To the scaffold's foot she came:
Leaped her black eyes into flame,
Rose and fell her panting breast—
There a pardon closely press'd.

She had heard her lover's doom,
Traitor death and shameful tomb—
Heard the price upon his head,
"I will save him!" she had said.

"Blue-eyed Annie loves him too,
She will weep, but Ruth will do;
Who should save him, sore distress'd,
Who but she who loves him best?"

To the scaffold now she came.
On her lips then rose his name,
Rose, and yet in silence died:
Annie nestled by his side!

Over Annie's face he bent,
Round her waist his fingers went;
"Wife" he called her—called *her* "wife!"
Simple word to cost a life!

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay;
But she coldly turned away:—
"He has sealed his traitor fate,
I can love, and I can hate!"

"Annie is his wife," they said;
"He it wife, then, to the dead;
Since the dying she will mate,
I can love, and I can hate!"

"What their sin? They do but love;
Let this thought thy bosom move,"
Came the jealous answer straight—
"I can love, and I can hate!"

"Mercy!" still they cried. But she:
"Who has mercy upon me?
Who? My life is desolate—
I can love, and I can hate!"

From the scaffold stair she went,
Shouts the noonday silence rent,
All the air was quick with cries—
"See the traitor!—see, he dies!"

Back she looked, with stifled scream,
Saw the axe upswinging gleam:
All her woman's anger died—
"Prom the king!" she faintly cried—

"From the king. His name—behold!"
Quick the parchment she unroll'd;
Paused the axe in upward swing,—
"He is pardoned! Live the king!"

Glad the cry, and loud and long;
All about the scaffold throng,
There entwining, fold in fold,
Raven tresses, locks of gold.

There against Ruth's tortured breast
Annie's tearful face is press'd,
While the white lips murmuring move—
"I can hate—but I can love!" WM. SAWYER.

MARIETTA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY FRANK S. FINN.

The sun, sinking from behind the hills in that land of poetry, song and mad, passionate love—Italy—left its slanting beams on the forms of two creatures whose souls seemed filled with emotions of that tenderest of all passions, love. The girl was a native of the sunny clime, brought up among the lower ranks of life, and following the occupation of a flower girl, while the male was a native of England, passing his time in Italy. He was of the proud house of Landermain, every one of whom had wedded high in life and would have looked upon a *mesalliance* almost akin to a mortal wrong. What right had he to win this young girl's love when he well knew he could never acknowledge her as his wife? Vainly had the young Marietta's mother warned and reasoned with her. Boldly did her confessor, the good Father Emilo, show her the folly of her choice; but though she listened to her mother's words and reverently bent her head when Father Emilo chided her, she still wildly loved Bertrand Landermain. Listen to their converse.

"Oh! Bertrand, it cannot be time to part," exclaimed Marietta, a tear stealing down her cheek. "Light, hope and happiness all seem to leave me when you are gone."

"Do you love me so much then, Marietta?"

"Love! Oh yes! that is too cold a word, unmaidenly though it be in me to say it—idolatry were a far more fitting title. My thoughts are all on thee. At evening, when the Angelus sounds, and I should say, '*Ave Maria*,' the name of the Holy Mother, though upon my lips, the one of Bertrand is in my heart. 'Tis even so at church; the pictures of the saints seem to bear thy likeness. Oh! could I feel that I am as dearly beloved by you in return."

"And why should you doubt it, *cara mia?* Have I said or done aught to make you think you are but a sharer with another in my love?"

"Ah! if I thought you ever did or should love another," cried Marietta, her face assuming a look of dejection not unmixed with dire foreboding, "I should——"

"Should what, dearest?" asked her companion.

"I should become insane, and when that happened I would be remorseless in my hate."

"Darling, that shall never happen. I love you too tenderly for that."

"And yet my mother says the fates are against the union of the poor Italian girl and the wealthy English lord."

"Fate is a foolish idea, as are all omens and superstitions. We have one in our family which runs thus:—

"Unkindly he sou.ht the young girl's love;
She loved him wildly, the fluttering dove;
He cast her aside for a maiden fair—
Would you read the depth of the girl's despair?
The morning will show the maiden dead,
And the bridegroom will live a man unwed;
But in vain are the marvels told,
And with this fate the Landermain dies.'

Yet generations have passed and the prophecy remains unfulfilled."

"But the race has not run out yet."

"No. But I am the last of them, and I see no prospect of its ever doing so."

"And yet——"

"And yet, Marietta, the old lines are worth not a thought."

They had now reached the hut of the young Italian girl, for they had been walking on while conversing. A few hurried adieus, a long, fond kiss, and the lovers parted, both thinking in their hearts they should meet upon the morrow; but fate, as we shall perceive, ordered it to be otherwise. The maiden, after receiving a severe reprimand from her mother, retired to rest. The young lord, upon his arrival at the hotel where he was stopping, received a letter stating that his mother was near the end of life's pilgrimage, and urged his return to England. A vessel sailed that night, and Bertrand left in her.

Arrived at home, he found his mother had been dead some time, but she left a farewell message to her son to wed the fair Lady Egmont. The brilliancy of the lady's beauty, the extent of her fortune, and the meeting with members of society in his own sphere of life, soon drove all thoughts of the Italian maid from the mind of young Landermain; a courtship followed, and one year from his plighting love to Marietta he was engaged to be married to Lady Egmont, and people said 'twould be a happy wedding. Could they have looked into the sealed book of the future, or known of that Italian girl and her love now turned to maddened hate, I think their verdict would have been of a different nature.

Perhaps you will wonder where Marietta was, and how she bore the separation of her lover. The morning after his departure she stationed herself at their usual rendezvous, but of course, as we know, he did not come. Day followed day, and Marietta, thinking him to be ill, dispatched a youth to his hotel, from which he returned with the news that the young lord had left for home.

Joy may kill suddenly, grief enters into the heart, and while it wears away the heartstrings, it gradually preys upon the mind, until reason leaves its seat and madness ensues, as was the case with our poor heroine. To follow him was her constant cry; and so mournful, pitiful was her pining away that her mother consented at last to accompany her to London, where they arrived upon the very night of the bridal between Lady Egmont and Marietta's faithless lover. A wedding in high life in England is the topic of general conversation, and Marietta learned the (to her) fatal news, by listening to two of her own countrymen's conversation; they were merely a couple of the craft known as organ grinders, but from them Marietta learned all she desired to know.

The festival was at its height. Music to charm the ear, flowers a great the sight, were in lavish profusion; nothing was wanting to make the occasion almost a carnival. The bride, in the midst of the merriment, went to her chamber for a moment to procure some trifling ornament, and was surprised upon seeing in place of her own maid, a young Italian girl, who proved to be none other than Marietta, who, with wild, tiger-like eyes flashing, and a brain maddened with jealousy, exclaimed:—

"Woman, it is you who have robbed me of the love of him I hold most dear; you shall not live to triumph in your conquest."

Ere the bride had time to comprehend or even understand these words—for they were uttered in Italian—a dagger flashed before her eyes, and at the next moment it entered her heart. With one agonizing cry she fell prostrate to the floor, while Marietta, in the excitement of the people rushing to the chamber, made good her escape. Swiftly pursuing her way towards London Bridge, she plunged herself headlong into its deep waters, where lies many another body, heart-broken or wronged. Soon did Landermain learn the trueness of the prophecy, and ever after lived a secluded life. His fortune was devoted to charitable objects and the maintenance of Marietta's mother. Upon his dying bed Landermain told all, the name of his bride's murderess, which up to that time had been a secret, and also of his wrong (although not crime), exonerating Marietta, as he felt that only insanity could have turned the lovely Italian girl into a demon. Of course, rumors spread around that the Landermain mansion was haunted by Marietta, but, as no two reports agreed with each other, it was difficult to say whether it was really so. As the funeral *cortege* passed through the cathedral many called to mind the old prophecy, and said as they beheld for the last time the closing of his race:—

"But in the river the murderess lies,
And with this fate the Landermain dies."

FALSETTO VOICE.—Dr. Marcet, of the Brompton, Eng., Consumption Hospital, has been looking down the throat of one of the Tyrolese singers who have lately been warbling at St. James's Hall; the object of the inspection being to ascertain the physiological condi tions which produce the beautiful falsetto notes for which the Swiss artists are celebrated. The observations were made by means of a laryngo-scope, a little instrument whereof the principal member is a mirror placed at the back of the patient's mouth. It is pretty generally known that the human vocal apparatus consists of a pair of membranes situated horizontally in the throat, and just touching at their edges. A drum head, with a slit across it, may convey a popular idea of them. In the act of singing, the lips of these cords, as they are called, are brought into contact, and they approach each other throughout their whole length and remain parallel. When they are set in vibrat on, by the passage of air through them, under those the ordinary conditions, a full chest note is emitted; but if they do not meet in their entire length, either a posterior or anterior portion of them remaining apart, the sound is no longer full, but feeble and shrill; the note emitted is what the stringed instrument player calls a harmonic, and what the singer calls a falsetto or head note. The violinist who would bring out a harmonic so touches a string that, instead of making it vibrate as a whole, he divides it into segmen a, each of which vibrates by itself, and emits the note due to its short length, instead of that which the full length of the string would yield. The same sort of thing appears to be done by the falsetto singer: the adept can at will shorten his vocal cords so as to pass instantly fr m any note to its harmonic. The mechanical process by which this transition is effected is not clearly made out so that it cannot be determined whether all singers are able to do with powers of head singing equal to the Tyrolese, or whether Alpine melody grow out of peculiar capabilities of Alpine throats.—*Once a Week.*

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT nation produces most marriages? Fascination.

WHY is the dog-star so called? Because it's a skytarrier.

WHY should a quill pen never be used in inditing secret matter? Because it is apt to *split*.

"SAM, why am de hogs de most intelligent folks in the world?" "Because dey nose eberything."

WHEN may we presume that a man is very hungry? When he will devour books.

"SAY, Jack, can you tell us what's the best thing to hold two pieces of rope together?" "I guess *knot*."

WHY is the stern of a vessel leaving port like an uncivil gentleman? Because it never returns a bow.

WHY is a thief your only true philosopher? Because he regards everything from an *abstract point of view*, is opposed to all notions of protection, and is open to conviction.

WHAT is the difference between your father's beard and the entity of the father of ancient comody? Because the first is hairy-stuff-on-his-chin, and the other is Aristophanes himself.

BREVITIES.

DUTIES fulfilled are always pleasures to the memory.

GRACE and beauty are flowers from the root of utility.

NONE but fools despise the opinions of the people.

HE who loves his purse alone has set his affections on the best thing about him.

HAPPY are they that hear their own detractions, and can put them to mending.

SLANDER is a coward's revenge, dissimulation his defence.

NO MAN can avoid his own company, so he had best make it as good as possible.

IT is not the varnish upon a carriage that gives it motion or strength.

THE intelligence and education of a people are the passports of a country to eminence and prosperity.

A SILVER chain around a dog's neck will not prevent his barking or biting.

LET no one overload you with favors; you will find it an insufferable burden.

IDLENESS is hard work for those who are not used to it, and dull work for those who are.

WHEN the hand hath done a good act, ask the heart whether it was well done.

TO GIVE pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire of beauty.

HE who is contented with himself must certainly have a bad taste.

PLIABILITY without firmness is weakness, firmness without pliability stupid self-will.

BRILLIANT IDEA.—We suppose the fishes that are most light are the lamp rays.

IS THE garment of religion to be judged by the length of the nap during service?

IF you can't coax a fish to bite, try your persuasive powers upon a cross dog, and you will be sure to succeed.

A YOUNG lady's first love kiss has the same effect on her as being electrified. It's a great shock, but soon over.

HONESTY without sharpness is like a sword without edge or point—very well for show, but of no use to the owner.

DISOBEDIENCE deserves chastisement; weakness, pity; folly, ridicule; absurdity, contempt; wickedness, punishment.

HOPE is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend. Hope is not the man for your banker, though he may do for a traveling companion.

RED noses are lighthouses to warn voyagers on the sea of life off the coast of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Cruz, and Holland.

I HAVE often thought what a melancholy world this would be without children, and what an inhuman world without the aged.

YOUTH will never live to age without they keep themselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness.

GRIEF knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

THE first of all virtue is innocence; the next is modesty. If we banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

CIRCLES are praised, not that abound
In largeness, but th' exactly round;
So life we praise that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well.

MERRY MOMENTS.

CRIBBAGE.—When a small boy turns knave and steals a lump of sugar out of the basin, it is a mere turn-up whether he is "gets one" for his knob, or shows you two for his heels.

A YOUNG LADY'S SENTIMENTS.—If it was not good for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how very criminally guilty are all single ladies, with the world full of pretty girls!

A STIFF NECK.—"I'm afraid," said a lady to her husband, "that I am going to have a stiff neck." "Not at all improbable, my dear," replied the spouse; "I've seen strong symptoms of it ever since we were married."

NEIGHBORLY.—"Mrs. Jenkins," said a little red-headed girl, with a pug nose and bare feet, "mother says you will obleege her by lending her a stick of firewood, a flin' this cruet with vinegar, puttin' a little soft soap in this pan, and please not let your turkeys roost on our fence."

A SENSIBLE MAN.—A young lady said to her beau, as she held a pot of hot water in her hand, "Promise to marry me, or I'll scald you." "Throw the water," he replied, "I'd rather be scalded once than every day of my life."

RHYMES ABOUT A BED.—In a certain village the editor of a local newspaper had a room at the hotel. Being absent one night, and the house being crowded, the landlord put a stranger in his bed. The next morning the following lines were found in the room:—

I slept in an editor's red last night,
And others may say what they please,
I say there's one editor in the world
That certainly takes his ease.

When I thought of my humble cot, far away,
I could not suppress a sigh,
But though, I rolled in the feathery nest,
How easily editors lie.

The editor, after some inquiries of the landlord, appended the following:—

The chap whose *form* has rested here,
And left his *copy* behind,
For a bad *impression* should be *locked up*,
As the *cut* is most unkind.

Behold a *proof of how he lies*—
In the morning he went away,
And like many that use an editor's *sheet*,
Has forgotten the bill to pay.

A WISE MINISTER.—A German minister was walking in procession at the head of his parishioners over cultivated fields in order to procure a blessing upon the crops. When he came to one of unpromising appearance he would pause, say nothing—kneel and singing will avail nothing; this must have manure."

MR. STIGGINS' CODE.—"I am a charitable man, and think everyone entitled to his opinion; and never have selfish malice against my foes, not even against Mr. Mulberry, who has indirectly called me a sinner; but still, if the Lord has a thunder-bolt to spare, I think it would be well bestowed on Brother Mulberry's head."

A SENSIBLE LOVE-LETTER.—May the 1 my dear mis f—— I have taken the pleasu af wrighting these a few lins to you i hope you are well I am very porley this week I think you are a grate deel sorrey to get marrid i must get some close before i get marrid I am gone to bee stedy you have witherd my hed from W—B——.

STICKS.—Sticks differ. A yardstick is very useful in a store; a stick on the stage is of no good use whatever; a stick in a tumbler is sometimes in danger of making the sidewalk uneven to pedestrians; a stick of a husband or wife is apt to be much longer than is desired; and a stick full of matter is the commonest thing that is read in newspapers.

LOST HIS BALANCE.—"Who is he?" said a spruce to a policeman, who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual on his pins, "who is he, with his gutter." "Can't say, sir," replied the policeman; "he can't give any account of himself." "Of course not," replied the other; "how are you to expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

CAUSE FOR ALARM.—A detachment of soldiers, being suddenly attacked by Indians, fired their mountain howitzer without removing it from the back of the mule that was carrying it, the result of which was that mule and howitzer went rolling down the declivity towards the red men, who fled in consternation. One of the Indians being captured, asked why he ran so, replied:—"Me big injun not afraid of little guns or big guns; but when white men load up and fire a whole donkey at Injun, me don't know what to do."

SENSIBLE TO THE LAST.—It has long been observed by medical writers, that death is preceded by insanity, a fact which had occasioned the remark that when folks got madder they were about to die. This reminds us of a case which occurred many years ago in a Philadelphia court, wherein a pretty young widow was in danger of losing two-thirds of her husband's estate—his relatives grounding their claim on the alleged insanity of the defunct. It may be as well to premise that the presiding judge was not only convivial, but also very gallant. "What were your husband's last words?" inquired the attorney. The pretty widow blushed, and looking down, replied:—

which, it seems, has been faithfully carried out. Last Friday the erring female got together all her personal effects, packed them secretly in trunks and sent them down to the river, with orders to be taken on the first boat leaving for St. Louis. In the afternoon she appeared to be in the best of spirits, and, telling her husband that she was going out for a short time to call upon a lady friend, she took her departure. When the husband returned in the evening, instead of finding a warm supper and smiling, patient wife waiting to receive him, he found the house silent and deserted, the rooms in disorder, his wife's apparel gone, and, upon a table, a note, in her hand writing, of which the following is a copy :—

SIR.—When I married you I supposed you had some money and some brains, but now I know you have neither. I have come to the conclusion to live with you no longer, but shall reside myself to the home of one who understands my nature and can make me happy. You may follow us if you choose, but I tell you that it will do no good; for, rather than set my foot under your roof again, I will take a dose of arsenic.

Yours, etc.

The surprise and rage of the husband may be imagined, but it cannot be described. His first impulse was to follow her, but upon mature reflection he concluded to let the woman go—and she went. Thus ends this somewhat novel romance. One redeeming feature of the transaction is that the couple have no children to be made miserable. Out of respect to the feelings of the outraged and injured husband, we have suppressed all names, and shall leave our readers free to draw their own conclusions as to the principal actors in this little drama, not put down in the bills.—*Dubuque Times.*

A SIGHT FOR A FATHER.

A RUINED DAUGHTER.

On the morning of Monday a gentleman living on Hopkins street went to the room of his daughter, a young lady of seventeen, for the purpose of awakening her; but on opening the door of her room, to his horror and amazement, he discovered a young man in bed with her, and both of them asleep, suggesting the probability of their having passed the night together. The gentleman quietly carried the young scoundrel's clothes down stairs, to prevent his escaping, and then went for a policeman. Before he returned, however, the young folks became acquainted with the position, and the girl ran down stairs and took the clothes of her guilty lover, when the latter proceeded with great haste to don his apparel. He was not sufficiently active to get out of the house before the irate father returned, however, and on that gentleman's entering the room, accompanied by an officer, he jumped through the second story window on to the pavement and escaped. The girl remained at home but a short time, when she disappeared, and was not again heard of until this morning, when Lieutenant Tucker, of the Third street station house, learned that she was in a house of prostitution on Elm street. An officer was sent for her, and she was taken before Judge Straub on a charge of vagrancy, but as she consented to go to the House of Refuge rather than to the City Prison, she was sentenced to that institution.—*Cincinnati Commercial, May* 15th.

A WEDDING OVER A CORPSE.—A wedding under extraordinary circumstances was celebrated in Poughkeepsie on the 19th inst. The couple move in fashionable circles, and the event is the topic of conversation. On Tuesday, the father of the bridegroom, a wealthy and respected citizen of Poughkeepsie, died, was duly shrouded in the garments of death, the body was inclosed in a rich and costly coffin, the whole being placed in the parlor. On Wednesday, as noon, the old man's son led his affianced bride into the room where lay the body of the deceased parent, the bridal party walking solemnly up to the coffin, and the cover over the face of the corpse was removed. The Rev. Mr. Hageman, of the Second Reformed Church, then, amid breathless silence and by the open coffin, joined the young couple in the holy bands of matrimony. The bridegroom, when asked why he was married in such a manner, replied that the spirit of his father hovered about him, telling him to get married there and then.

THE MIDNIGHT MISSION, for the reformation of young girls, has been moved from No. 22 West Houston street to 86 Fourth street, on Washington Square. The new house will accommodate sixty inmates, in addition to supplying rooms for dressmaking and millinery, box, bag and parasol making, &c. At present but twenty-eight girls are inmates of the institution. Since its opening, three years ago, two hundred and seventy-six have been received, a large part of whom have been either provided with homes or restored to their friends. Assistance is asked from the public in order to extend the usefulness of the Mission, and any orders for work will be gladly received.

THE JUSTODY OF ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN.—In the Hudson Co., N. J., Supreme Court, on the 17th inst., Louise Renschenberg sued to recover two children, of which Jacob V. Weber is the putative father. She claimed that, as father of the children, he had a right to their custody. He had lived with the petitioner, and had these children by her. On being asked by Judge Bedle whether he was married to the mother of the children, he replied in the negative, but acknowledged that he has another wife. The Court decided that Mr. Weber had no claim upon the children, and that they must be given to the mother.

PITY 'TIS, 'TIS TRUE.—A little ten year old lass was sent to the House of the Good Shepherd on the 20th inst., as a common prostitute.

THE TRIGGER.

INTERESTING CASE IN COURT.

LAWSUIT FOR THE RECOVERY OF STAKES.

A VERDICT FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

The important and highly interesting case of Shannon vs. Dimick, being a suit brought by the former for the recovery of certain monies staked on his behalf, as principal in a pigeon shooting match, was argued in Circuit Court No. 1, St. Louis, Mo., on the 14th inst., a large number of sporting men gathering to witness the proceedings, all of whom, save those influenced by considerations of a pecuniary nature, hoped for the rendering of a verdict in favor of the defendant, Shannon having, by his unsportsmanlike and reprehensible action, forfeited the good will, confidence and esteem of all honorable, justice loving sportsmen, who would not stoop to such a mean, despicable method at regaining losses sustained in a contest wherein the chances of both the contestants were exactly equal. The facts of the case are as follows:—On the 22th of August last, two bets of $250 each were made on the event of a pigeon shooting match to take place near St. Louis, between James Shannon and John Bogardus. The amount of the two bets, $500, was deposited with Horace E. Dimick, as stakeholder. The match took place on the following day, and before the shooting was completed—Bogardus being two birds ahead—Shannon refused to go on with the shooting, claiming two birds as his that were decided not to belong to him. The judges and referee decided that Bogardus had won the two bets, and Dimick accordingly paid over the money to the winner. Shannon thereupon brought suit against Dimick to recover the $500 staked by him. In his answer to the petition, Dimick states Shannon put up no money at all; that Hugh Manoon made the two bets with J. P. Buckles, and placed the stakes in his hands; that Manoon directed him that, in case Shannon lost the match, he should pay over the money to Buckles, and that Buckles directed him to pay the stakes to Manoon in case Shannon won the match.

Shannon engaged Mr. MacDonald as his counsel, and Dimick employed Mr. Neal. Several witnesses were examined, and the merits of the case were pretty clearly brought out. Mr. Buckles, after detailing the rules of pigeon shooting, said that Manoon had told him that the money was his; he told Manoon that the other portion of the stake was his. Manoon took the money from his purse and handed it to Dimick. Manoon was the principal of Shannon, and Buckles the principal of Bogardus. After shooting until about 12 o'clock, Shannon refused to shoot any more. There had been a written agreement about the match, and it was signed by Buckles for Bogardus, and by Shannon for himself. Bogardus makes a living by going about shooting matches, and Buckles acts as his backer. After the stakes had been paid to Buckles by Dimick, and Shannon, his stake, Buckles deposited $500 with Dimick to secure him in the event that Dimick should be required to pay it to Shannon. It was proved, on the other hand, that Manoon had loaned the money to Shannon, and that the shooting was not completed, although the judges decided that, according to the rules of the trigger, Shannon had lost. The evidence being closed, the judge allowed the lawyers only five minutes each for argument; so they had to make centre shots, as there was no time for scattering remarks, after which the judge charged the jury thus:—

"If the jury believe, from the evidence, that the plaintiff and one Bogardus made a certain bet or bets as to their skill in shooting birds, and that the defendant, Dimick, did act as stakeholder, and did receive from plaintiff or his agent the sum of $500 as plaintiff's portion of said wager, and that plaintiff before said bet or wager was concluded, finished or determined, and previous to the expiration of the time as agreed upon by the parties thereto for the determination of said bet or wager, demanded his money from said stakeholder, then plaintiff is entitled to recover said sum of $500 from said stakeholder, and so the jury will find; but it is no defence that the stakeholder afterwards delivered said money to the winner, or that the judges or referee afterwards decided said bets for or against said plaintiff. But if the jury believe, from the evidence, that the money bet or staked upon the shooting match, set forth in the petition, was the money of Manoon, and was so accepted and received by the defendant as stakeholder, then the plaintiff is not entitled to recover, unless the jury further find that the money so put up by said Manoon was by agreement between himself and plaintiff loaned at the time to said plaintiff."

The jury were out but a few minutes, when they brought in a verdict for $500 in favor of Shannon. This is in accordance with the law, which regards every species of gambling as illegal; but among men who regard their honor as worth more than dollars, the case is regarded as unfair, unjust, and against all rules of betting. It appears from the challenges lately thrown out by Shannon that he intends to continue before the public as a trigger artist, and this being the case this suit cannot but operate greatly to his injury, for every well meaning person will be very shy about entering into a match with him, while in case he should win, those who bet upon him will have reason to fear that his conduct in this instance will provoke retaliation, even in quarters where such a thing would not be thought of under other circumstances.

THE FORESTER CLUB.—A number of the members of the Forester Shooting Club gathered at the Cold Spring Track, near Buffalo, N. Y., on the 19th inst., to engage in some sport with the trigger. Each of the fourteen artists participating shot at twenty single birds, from H and T plunge traps, 21 yards rise and 80 boundary. R. Newell, W. C. Jacus, F. Gifford and B. M. Shultz killed 18; Geo. Smith and E. S. Hambleton, 17; C. E. Felton, 15; H. M. Clay, C. S. Williams, Jno. G. Sage and W. H. Cobb, 14; E. P. Fish and V. L. Tiphaine, 13; and Geo. J. Marsh, 12. The day was chilly and unpleasant, which fact combined to render the shooting less brilliant than usual when the Foresters draw a bead.

AN ITEM FOR FISHERMEN.—The Trustees of Jamaica have passed resolutions that no one not a resident in the town of Jamaica shall set any eel pots, catch any fish, crabs or lobsters in the waters of the town under a penalty of $12.50 for each offence; that no resident of Jamaica shall go into partnership with any non-resident in setting eel pots, fish, or set nets in the waters belonging to the town under a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each offence; that no non-resident shall be permitted to plant any oysters or clams in Jamaica bay, thereby injuring the people of the town, under a penalty of $100 for each offence, and no resident shall enter into partnership with a non-resident for this purpose under a penalty of $100 for each offence, and all non-residents having claims or oysters planted in the said bay are directed to remove them before the 1st of May, as after that date they will be considered as the property of the people of Jamaica. Resolutions to the same effect have been passed by the Trustees of the town of Hempstead.

TWIN MAN—"Boy, what's that hungry dog following me for?" Boy—"He thinks you are a bone, I reckon."

BASE BALL.

MUTUAL vs. IRVINGTON.

The Mutuals visited Irvington, N. J., on the 20th inst., to engage the once celebrated Irvington Club of that place. The New Yorkers, although without the valuable services of Pinnly, and having only three of their nine in their regular positions, achieved a creditable victory. In addition to the outs and runs, the subjoined summary gives first base on hits and left on bases after clean hits.

MUTUAL.	1st B.	T.	H.L.	R.
E. Mills, 1st b	4	1	4	3
Hatfield, 2d b	3	0	2	5
C. Mills, r f	3	0	4	5
Eagler, 3d b	3	1	2	4
Swandell, c	2	0	3	3
Derry, s s	3	0	3	4
Wolters, p	3	2	3	3
C. Bust, l f	3	2	1	3
R. Bust, c f	1	2	4	1
Totals	23	9	27	28

IRVINGTON.	1st B.	L.	H.L.	R.
Bulkley, c	0	0	3	2
J. Campbell, p	3	0	1	3
Eaton, 1st b	1	1	3	3
Burre she, 2d b	1	0	3	3
M. Campbell, s s	1	2	2	2
Farrar, 3d b	1	0	3	2
Lewis, l f	0	0	4	0
Linen, c f	3	1	1	2
Bailey, r f	1	1	4	0
Totals	11	5	27	16

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutuals	0	5	2	2	0	5	4	1	0—19
Irvington	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Fly catches—C. Hunt, 4; R. Hunt 2; Eccler, 1; Swandell, 2; Hatfield, 2; E. Mills, 1. Total, 10. Burrouchs, 1; Linen, 2; Bulkley, 2; Bailey, 1. Total, 7. Umpire—Mr. Faitoute, of the Eureka Club, of Newark. Scorers—Messrs. Dix ns and Chapman. Time of game—Three hours and twenty minut s.

ATLANTIC vs. CHAMPION.

The Champions of Jersey City met the famous Atlantics on the 17th inst., at the Capitoline Ground. On two previous occasions the Champions had failed to keep their engagement with the Atlantics, but this time they were on hand with a full nine. It was their first appearance this season, and it was evident, from the easy manner in which the Atlantics disposed of them, that they had not had much preliminary practice. The Atlantics were out in strong force, and played a magnificent game. Owing to a hurt to one of his hands, Pearce had to give way to Smith behind the bat, and the noted third baseman had an opportunity to display his versatility. Crane played at short field as if it was his regular position, and the rest of the nine acquitted themselves with credit. Willis, of the Champions, who is a noted long hitter, scored the two runs credited to his side. The attendance was meagre, but the few who were present had no occasion to regret it. The appended score, in addition to outs and runs, gives the first bases on hits and total bases:—

CHAMPION.	1st B.	T.	H.L.	R.
H. McMahon, c	0	4	4	0
Tilden, c f	1	1	3	0
Snowden, l f	2	2	3	0
Willis, 2d b	1	1	3	2
J. McMahon, s s	1	1	3	0
Clark, 1st b	0	0	4	0
Reynolds, 3d b	1	2	3	0
Desmond, p	1	2	3	0
Edwards, r f	0	0	3	0
Totals	7	13	29	2

ATLANTIC.	1st B.	T.	H.L.	R.
Pearce, c	6	4	3	3
Smith, c	7	11	3	7
Start, 1st b	4	6	3	7
Ferguson, 3d b	5	10	3	5
Chapman, l f	2	9	1	5
McDonald, r f	3	5	4	4
Pratt, p	6	8	4	5
Crane, s s	4	8	4	4
Pike, 2d b	4	8	4	4
Totals	45	65	27	42

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Champion	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—2
Atlantic	7	6	1	6	7	13	11	8	—52

Umpire—Mr. Kemeny, of the Alpha Club. Scorers—Messrs. Stebbins and Monk. Time of game—Two hours and twenty minutes.

ECKFORD vs. OLYMPIC.

The first appearance of the Eckford Club, of Brooklyn, in a match game this season, occurred at the Union Ground on the 17th inst., mention of which was made in our last issue. They had for their adversaries the Olympic Club of this city, who evince a plucky, if not altogether commendable spirit, in choosing first class organizations to contend with. The result of the meeting was that the Olympics met with a signal defeat, with the totals of 60 to 5. The batting of the Eckfords was quite heavy, and their fielding, with the exception of the seventh innings, when they allowed their opponents to make two runs, when they were not entitled to any, was fully up to their highest standard. The Olympics became demoralized in the early part of the game, and seemed totally incapable of mastering the "twisters" of the tricky Martin. The subjoined summary gives the first bases on hits, total bases and fly catches, in addition to the outs and runs:—

ECKFORD.	1st B.	T.	P. O.	F.
Allison, 1st s	8	10	0	1
Patterson, 2d b	7	11	3	2
Martin, p	4	5	1	3
Nelson, 3d b	5	13	1	6
Jewett, c	5	4	2	2
Eggler, c f	4	4	2	5
Tracey, l f	6	9	3	2
Pinkham, r f	6	8	0	3
Hodes, s s	3	3	0	1
Totals	43	67	10	27

OLYMPIC.	1st B.	T.	P. O.	F.
Denelien, 2d b	0	0	3	4
Jones, r f	0	0	0	0
Stearns, 3d b	2	2	0	2
Waddell, 1st b	1	1	5	3
Walter, c	0	0	1	4
Neville, l f	1	1	3	3
Sutton, p	2	3	1	1
Eugene, s s	1	1	0	1
McGrath, c f	1	1	2	3
Totals	7	8	15	27

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Eckford	8	15	1	10	6	9	11	0	0—60
Olympic	1	1	0	0	0	1	2	0	0—5

Umpire—Mr. Lawrence, of the Mutual Club. Scorers—Messrs. Watson and Hix. Time of game—Two hours and forty minutes.

THE EUREKAS TAKE THE FIELD.

The crack organization of Newark, N. J., made their first appearance this season on the 17th inst. The occasion was the opening day of the club, and the scene of the reunion between the members, after so many months of seclusion, was the ground of the old Newark Cricket Club. The admirers of the Eurekas gathered in large numbers, and the scene was an enlivening one. From the appended score it will be seen that several of the old and favorite players were on hand and assisted at the opening ceremonies:—

CLIPPER.	H.L.	P.
Troeller, r f	1	3
Fitzgerald, c	0	4
Collins, 2d b	1	3
Pelti, c f	1	3
Calloway, l f	1	3
Greathead, s s	1	1
Doe, p	2	2
Devine, 1st b	2	8
Bedford, 3d b	0	3
Total	9	32

MIXED NINE.	H.L.	R.
McCutcheon, 1st b	3	2
Brook, l f	2	0
Peck, c	1	0
Graham, c	4	1
Madden, 2d b	4	1
Hutchinson, s s	3	2
Bowers, c f	3	1
Wells, r f	2	1
Woodward, 3d b	3	0
Total	25	10

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Clipper	5	6	4	3	1	3	2	0—19
Mixed Nine	1	0	0	0	2	0	1	1—5

Umpire—H. S. Anderson. Scorer—Steve Gibson. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

Having received challenges from some of the leading clubs of the State, and invitations to visit from others, the Clippers expect to "swing around a small sized circle" during the season, and it is their present intention to visit Rockford, Chicago, Peoria, Bloomington, St. Louis, and perhaps Springfield, but they will let Quincy severely alone.

A COLLEGE GAME.

On the 18th inst., a friendly match was played by the Alert 2d nine and Columbia 1st nine, both clubs composed of students of the Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind. We append the score:—

ALERT.	H.L.	R.
Walter, p	3	5
Burmeister, r f	1	3
Franck, 2d b	1	5
Scholz, s s	3	3
Strechine, 1st b	3	4
Senne, 3d b	3	5
Marquardt, c f	3	4
Schmidt, l f	3	4
Laewen, c	2	4
Total	35	37

COLUMBIA.	H.L.	R.
Hausler, c f	2	3
Buchholz, p	1	3
Sturken, c	1	3
Wishmeyer, r f	3	4
Hoerr, 2d b	1	3
Leseberg, 1st b	3	4
Kaeppel, l f	4	4
Jung, 3d b	4	5
Friedrich, s s	2	7
Total	24	36

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Alert	0	0	0	6	2	0	0	1—9
Columbia	3	0	5	0	5	0	0	0—14

Umpire—F. Hauser. Scorers—Messrs. Strasen and Meyer.

OLYMPIC vs. JEFFERSON.

The first of a series of home and home games between the above first class clubs, of Washington, D. C., was played on the National Grounds on the 18th inst. The score below gives all necessary particulars:—

OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.	J
Force, s s	3	6	5
Malone, c	3	5	5
Denison, 1st b	3	5	5
Young, r f	3	4	5
Robinson, l f	5	4	5
Leech, p	3	6	5
McCrea, 3d b	1	3	5
Miller, 2d b	3	3	5
Rundle, c f	3	5	5
Totals	27	41	55

JEFFERSON.	H.L.	R.	P
McClellan, 2d b	4	0	2
Doyle, s s	2	2	3
Hargerson, r f	4	1	1
Finney, 2d b	4	1	1
Anderson, p	3	2	2
Clear, c	3	1	2
McCann, 1st b	1	2	4
Weitzel, l f	3	1	1
Quantrill, c f	3	0	1
Totals	27	10	15

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Olympics	5	7	6	7	4	3	1	9	10—44
Jefferson	0	1	0	2	3	1	0	1	2—10

Fly catches—Robinson, 3; Force, 2; Rundle, 1; Leech, 1; Malone, 2—2. Johnson—Weitzel, 4; Quantrill, 4; Doyle, 2; Hargerson, 1; Clear, 1; Anderson, 1; McClellan 2—17. Home run—Robinson, 2; Young, 1; Denison, 1; Force, 1. Time of game—Two hours and five minutes. Umpire—W. W. Gunnison, Niagara Club, Buffalo. Scorers—Messrs. Miller and Jones.

THE CLARENDON CLUB defeated the Ursa, of Columbia College, by a score of 51 to 9, recently.

BALL TOSSING ACROSS THE BORDER.

The Star Club, of Hamilton, C. W., recently organized by the election of the following officers:—President, Thos. Tindill, Jr.; Vice President, Thos. Cleary; Recording Secretary, James Tindill; Treasurer, James Cleary; Corresponding Secretary, John Basquil; Directors, J. Doyle, M. Basquil and J. Halleran. They played their opening game with the Unions on the 3d inst., some five hundred persons assembling to witness the contest. At the end of the seventh innings the Unions resigned the game and retired from the field. The following is the score:—

STAR.	H.L.	R.
Tindill, 3d b	1	1
Basquil, c	0	1
Halleran, 1 f	0	0
Durshey, 2d b	1	3
M. Basquil, s s	5	6
Ruthven, c f	1	1
Doyle, 1st b	3	3
Cleary, p	2	3
Hopkins, r f	3	9
Total	74	

UNION.	H.L.	R.
Griffith, c	3	4
Pierson, 1st b	1	5
Kelly, 2d b	4	2
Morton, p	2	4
Thompson, c f	3	2
Jackson, s s	2	4
Ford	3	4
Gilbert	2	3
Beasley	1	4
Total		32

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Star	4	12	10	11	7	13	13—74
Union	4	1	0	1	0	0	8	4—32

Umpire—C. Cook. Scorers—T. Tindill and T. Lyle.

SENIORS DEFEATED BY JUNIORS.

In the latter part of September last the Union juniors, of St. Louis, Mo., played against their seniors, and were beaten by one count of 30 to 1. Wishing to make up for this disappointment, a series of games were arranged for the present season, the first of which was played on the 20th ult., and to the surprise of all concerned resulted in favor of the juniors to the tune of 36 to 22. The seniors, somewhat mortified, made arrangements for a third and one-sided game. They reckoned without their host, however, as the following score of a game played on May 18th will show:—

JUNIOR.	H.L.	R.
Murphy, 3 b	3	1
Yeaman, 1 f	2	1
Wolf, s s	3	0
January, 1st b	3	1
Barida, p	0	2
Maffat, c f	3	0
W. Wolf, c	1	2
McCreery, 2d b	2	1
Slaughter, r f	3	1
Total	8	

SENIOR.	H.L.	R.
Cabaune, r f	1	1
Smith, s s	3	0
Greenleaf, 2d b	3	1
Stansburg, 1 f	3	1
Lucas, p	4	0
Freeman, 3d b	2	0
Carr, 1st b	3	0
Day, c f	0	2
Turner, c	1	1
Total		6

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th
Junior	2	4	1	0	1	0—8
Senior	0	0	0	3	2	0—5

Umpire—Mr. Ruth. Scorers—Messrs. Good and Bishop. The game was called on the 6th innings on account of rain.

SUCKERS ON THE GREEN.

The Clipper Club, of Monmouth, Ill., played a practice game with a mixed nine on the Classic Grounds, May 18th, with the result given below:—

CLIPPER.	H.L.	P.
Schumacher, 1 f	5	2
Little, 1st b	3	2
Wm. Scott, c	3	2
C. H. Mitchell, c	3	1
Laughead, p	4	1
Dredge, 3d b	3	3
Pass, 2d b	3	3
H. M. Mitchell, c f	3	3
Daugherty, r f	3	2
Total	29	

MIXED NINE.	H.L.	R.
Faltonte, p	1	1
Rittenhall, c	2	0
Thoman, s s	1	2
Currier, 1st b	0	2
Williams, 2d b	1	1
E. Johnson, r f	0	0
Graham, c f	1	1
Quantrill, c f	3	0
Total	13	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Clipper	3	4	3	3	3	2	0	1	1—19
Mixed Nine	1	0	0	0	2	0	1	1	1—6

Umpire—H. S. Anderson. Scorer—Steve Gibson. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

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STAR.	H.L.	R.
Tindill, 3d b	1	1
Basquil, c	0	1
Halleran, 1 f	0	0
Durshey, 2d b	1	3
M. Basquil, s s	5	6
Ruthven, c f	1	1
Doyle, 1st b	3	3
Cleary, p	2	3
Hopkins, r f	3	9
Total	74	

UNION.	H.L.	R.
Griffith, c	3	4
Pierson, 1st b	1	5
Kelly, 2d b	4	2
Morton, p	2	4
Thompson, c f	3	2
Jackson, s s	2	4
Ford	3	4
Gilbert	2	3
Beasley	1	4
Total		32

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Star	4	12	10	11	7	13	13—74
Union	4	1	0	1	0	0	8	4—32

Umpire—C. Cook. Scorers—T. Tindill and T. Lyle.

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Yeaman, 1 f	2	1
Wolf, s s	3	0
January, 1st b	3	1
Barida, p	0	2
Maffat, c f	3	0
W. Wolf, c	1	2
McCreery, 2d b	2	1
Slaughter, r f	3	1
Total	8	

SENIOR.	H.L.	R.
Cabaune, r f	1	1
Smith, s s	3	0
Greenleaf, 2d b	3	1
Stansburg, 1 f	3	1
Lucas, p	4	0
Freeman, 3d b	2	0
Carr, 1st b	3	0
Day, c f	0	2
Turner, c	1	1
Total		6

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th
Junior	2	4	1	0	1	0—8
Senior	0	0	0	3	2	0—5

Umpire—Mr. Ruth. Scorers—Messrs. Good and Bishop. The game was called on the 6th innings on account of rain.

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Dredge, 3d b	3	3
Pass, 2d b	3	3
H. M. Mitchell, c f	3	3
Daugherty, r f	3	2
Total	29	

MIXED NINE.	H.L.	R.
Faltonte, p	1	1
Rittenhall, c	2	0
Thoman, s s	1	2
Currier, 1st b	0	2
Williams, 2d b	1	1
E. Johnson, r f	0	0
Graham, c f	1	1
Quantrill, c f	3	0
Total	13	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Clipper	3	4	3	3	3	2	0	1	1—19
Mixed Nine	1	0	0	0	2	0	1	1	1—6

Umpire—H. S. Anderson. Scorer—Steve Gibson. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

Having received challenges from some of the leading clubs of the State, and invitations to visit from others, the Clippers expect to "swing around a small sized circle" during the season, and it is their present intention to visit Rockford, Chicago, Peoria, Bloomington, St. Louis, and perhaps Springfield, but they will let Quincy severely alone.

A COLLEGE GAME.

On the 18th inst., a friendly match was played by the Alert 2d nine and Columbia 1st nine, both clubs composed of students of the Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind. We append the score:—

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Walter, p	3	5
Burmeister, r f	1	3
Franck, 2d b	1	5
Scholz, s s	3	3
Strechine, 1st b	3	4
Senne, 3d b	3	5
Marquardt, c f	3	4
Schmidt, l f	3	4
Laewen, c	2	4
Total	35	37

COLUMBIA.	H.L.	R.
Hausler, c f	2	3
Buchholz, p	1	3
Sturken, c	1	3
Wishmeyer, r f	3	4
Hoerr, 2d b	1	3
Leseberg, 1st b	3	4
Kaeppel, l f	4	4
Jung, 3d b	4	5
Friedrich, s s	2	7
Total	24	36

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Alert	0	0	0	6	2	0	0	1—9
Columbia	3	0	5	0	5	0	0	0—14

Umpire—F. Hauser. Scorers—Messrs. Strasen and Meyer.

OLYMPIC vs. JEFFERSON.

The first of a series of home and home games between the above first class clubs, of Washington, D. C., was played on the National Grounds on the 18th inst. The score below gives all necessary particulars:—

OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.	J
Force, s s	3	6	5
Malone, c	3	5	5
Denison, 1st b	3	5	5
Young, r f	3	4	5
Robinson, l f	5	4	5
Leech, p	3	6	5
McCrea, 3d b	1	3	5
Miller, 2d b	3	3	5
Rundle, c f	3	5	5
Totals	27	41	55

JEFFERSON.	H.L.	R.	P
McClellan, 2d b	4	0	2
Doyle, s s	2	2	3
Hargerson, r f	4	1	1
Finney, 2d b

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

City Amusements.

DIRECTORY, PRICES CURRENT, AND TIME TABLE.

[This department is intended to supply a want long felt not only among strangers visiting the city, but among many of our resident population. In the advertisements in the daily papers, prices of admission to our places of amusement, as well as the time the doors open, and performances commence, are in many instances omitted, and much inconvenience and dissatisfaction is created thereby. The annexed directory will obviate all that.]

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—14th street corner of Irving place.—General admission, $1; secured seats in Parquet and Balcony, 50c. extra; Family Circle, 50c.; admission to Matinees, $1. Doors open at 12 and 7, commences at 1 and 8.

BOOTH'S THEATRE—23d street and 6th avenue.—Orchestra and Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony and Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7½, commences at 8.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—Orchestra, 75c.; Dress Circle and Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

BOWERY THEATRE—Bowery, between Canal and Bayard streets.—Balcony and Orchestra, 75c; Parquet, 50c; Second Circle, 25c; Gallery, 20c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

CENTRAL PARK GARDEN—7th avenue, between 58th and 59th streets.—Admission, 25c. Commences at 8.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—24th street, near 5th avenue.—Orchestra and Circle, $1; Family Circle, 50c. Doors open at 1 and 7, open nences at 2 and 8.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—8th avenue and 23d street.—Evening—Orchestra Chairs and Parquet Balcony, $1.50; Dress or Parquet Circle, $1; Family Circle, 33; General Admission, 75c. Matinee—Orchestra Chairs and Reserved Seats, $1; Family Circle, 25c; General Admission, 50c; Children under 12 years of age, 50c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 1½ and 8.

NIBLO'S GARDEN—Broadway, above Prince street. Orchestra, $1.50; Parquet Circle and Balcony, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

OLYMPIC THEATRE—Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets.—Orchestra and Balcony, $1.50; Reserved, in Dress Circle, $1; Dress Circle and Parquet, 75c; Family Circle, 50c; Children (for matinee only) 50c; Balcony Seats, for matinee, $1. Doors open at 12½ and 7, commences at 1½ and 8.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS—Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets. Orchestra, $1, Parquet, 75c.; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

STADT THEATRE—45 and 47 Bowery, below Canal street.—Admission: Balcony Boxes, $1.50; Reserved Seats, Orchestra and Balcony, $1; Balcony, 50c; Parquet and Second Tier, 33c.; Gallery, 15c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

STEINWAY HALL—Fourteenth street, near 4th avenue.

THEATRE COMIQUE—Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel. Orchestra and Balcony, $1; Parquet and Dress Circle, 50c.; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 7, commences at 2 and 7½.

THEODORE THOMAS' CONCERT HOUSE—Corner of Irving place and Fourteenth street.—Reserved Seats, 75c; Orchestra, 50c.; Parquet, 35c.; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1½ and 7, commences at 2½ and 8.

TONY PASTOR—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues. General admission, 50c.; Reserved seats, 75c.; Orchestra Chairs, 50c extra. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

THEATRE FRANCAIS—14th street near 6th avenue.

WALLACK'S THEATRE—Broadway corner of 13th street.—Orchestra, $1.50; Parquet, 75c.; Dress Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 1½ and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

WAVERLY THEATRE—Broadway near Fourth street.—Orchestra, $1.50; Parquet, 75c.; Reserved Seats in Dress Circle, $1; Balcony, 50c.; Family Circle, 35c. Doors open at 1 and 7½, commences at 2 and 8.

WOOD'S MUSEUM—Broadway and 30th street. General admission, 50c. Matinee—Orchestra and Balcony, 50c. extra; Children, 25c. Evening—Dress Circle and Parquet, 75c.; Orchestra and Balcony, $1; Family Circle, 50c. Open from 10 A. M. to 11 P. M. Performance commences at 2 and 8.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given in order to prevent mistakes.

Chas. Fuller (2),	Warren Bordwell,	George Hampton,
Ned West,	John W. Burnell,	Oscar Templeton,
Wm. Spaulding,	Harry Lockwood,	Dan Collins,
Theo. S. Shears,	Charles Henri,	O. Benoit,
Joe Woods,	W. A. Silver,	Sam Sharpley,
John Gunn,	Charles McEvoy,	Richard Buckley,
Wm. Eaton,	A. J. Sedgwick,	Charles Mulgro,
Taylor & Bowers,	Maxwell's Co.,	Dan Worcester,
Piau,	Prof. DeCaux (2),	C. C. Palmer,
Robert Nickle (),	C. H. Dupree,	John Brougham,
W. H. Maxwell (2),	Warren Richards,	Charles Barry,
H. W. Penny,	J. H. Haverley,	J. W. Sandford,
S. A. Weaver,	George E. Andrews,	Tate,
Wm. Scott,	C. W. Taylor,	John Sherman,
Chas. Wynn,	Dan Shelby (2),	Derby,
C. W. Kidder,	William Aymar,	Joe Mairs,
Cool Burgess,	M. Lanergan,	James DeMott,
James W. Thorp,	James Murdoch,	Charles A. Wing,
David Candess,	Lee Collins,	S. H. Villa (2),
Walter Bray,	Walker and Eaton,	Louis Hendrison,
Fred. Wilson,	John Murphy,	L. E. Hicks,
Mr. Hanman,	Harry Churchill,	John Pendergast,
Billy Emerson,	Harry Marshall,	Harry Bloodgood,
W. K. Linyard 2),	Cal. Wagner (2),	James Taylor,
Harry Weston,	Joseph Bradshaw,	Wm. Arlington,
Fred. Bernard,	Mr. Brengard,	John Collins,
Fred. Zimmerman,	Eugene Gorman,	Fred. Buckingham,
John Webster (4),	Robin Howard,	Browne and Sandford,
Dan DeMarbelle,	W. V. Breyer,	James J. Kelly,
John E. Martiers,	Dan Oakes,	C. D. Taylor,
Ferd. Helarich,	Frank Harris,	Frank Wilson,
P. F. Sherry,	W. W. Mayne,	J. F. Sherry,
G. E. Wilson,	John Chadwick,	R. F. Snyder,
G. E. Bidwell,	L. M. Wickham,	McKenna & Buhanan,
Frank Mayo,	Harry Robinson,	Sevia Kline,
John C. Myers (2),	Joe Lang,	J. W. Carmen,
Tom Deroe,	J. R. Kemble,	Martin C. R. Williams,
Joe Taylor (2)	W. G. Peterson,	J. R. Kemble,
Low Gayford,	Bowman and Harris,	Lew Hallett,
C. Pettenghi,	Irving Rupert,	Chas Redmond,
Farnese C. Many,	Henry Ryner,	Frank Pell,
Henry Fullman,	J. M. Ward,	Wm. Cavanagh,
Willis Cobb,	Mons. Senyah (2),	Chas. Harrison,
Mad. Bridges,	L. D. Taylor,	Sidney Cook,
Marie Zoe,	Jenny Wallace,	Charles McIville,
Christine Zavistowski	Marie Therese,	Myra Webster,
858th Hall,	May Preston,	Belle Howitt,
Annie Byron,	Mrs. Wm. Lake,	Mrs Geo. Pardy,
Lottie Herbert,	Amy Brent (2),	Millie Turnour—Sir,
Kate Easton,	Malinda Nagle,	Miss Bill Wallace,
Nellie Edwards (5),	Mary Cavanagh,	Effie Germon,
Jennie Glenn,	Mollie Tannyhill,	Nelly McHenry,
Mad. Hollean (2),	Blanche Bradshaw,	Minnie Rainforth,
Kate Field,	Hattie O'Neil,	Ada Webb,
Kady Brevoort,	Lizzie Forrest (2),	Ella Holland,
Jule DeLee,	Fanny Reeves,	Mrs. J. Knowles,
	Lizzie Lafrange,	Edith Whitney,
	Olive Logan,	

Songs for the People.

In this department we in end to give, either weekly or from time to time, as space will permit, original songs, composed expressly for the CLIPPER, comprising sentimental, comic, Ethiopian, etc., which our friends are at liberty to make use of, as we do not lay claim to copyright them. Of the series, below will be found

DARKEY SAM.

ORIGINAL PLANTATION SONG AND DANCE.

Oh! white folks, here I am,
An' my name am Darkey Sam;
I has just come from de ole plantation;
Oh massa was very kind,
So dat I could not stay
In de best state in de whole ole nation.

In de Union soldiers come,
In de massa took and run,
An' dat's de reason I is now before you;
An' I guess, dat I've got sure,
A senator I'll be,
For to work am something dat I never more will do.

But now dis war am past,
An' peace am here at last,
You can bet I've gwine way down to Al-bam;
So I got a good time
For to sid dis little rhyme,
But some ole time you'll hear from Darkey Sam.

ALLEN.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, May 24th, 1869.

THEATRICAL SENSATIONS and curious novelties are the order of the day, or rather night, at places of amusement all over the country: it is no longer a question with managers what shining light in the legitimate dramatic firmament they can secure, but who they can engage to perform the most remarkable feats of agility, pantomime, air vaulting, and such contortions; and their efforts are also directed in the female channel toward those divinities whose faces and forms are the most beautiful, and who will not hesitate, for a consideration, to appear before a "select but appreciative audience," in costumes as much like that in which Miss Eve showed herself to Mr. Adam, as it is possible to do without transgressing *all* the laws of decency and propriety. Novelty is the word just now. Even our preachers have caught the infection, and some of them find that it adds immensely to their discourses to sandwich theatrical sensationalisms with theological rhetoric. We notice an instance which recently took place in England, where a sensational preacher, in order to give zest and vim to a pious hymn he was lining for his beloved brethren, set and sang it to the tune of "Tommy Dodd." Now, Thomas Dodd may be a highly moral and entertaining sort of tune in its way, but "even the most fastidious" will admit that it does not sound as well in a religious point of view as in a wordly sense. The result of this retrograde movement on the part of our pious friend was his arrest and sentence to pay a fine for his transgression. One of the Rizarelli brothers was advertised to do an extraordinary feat at Tammany the past week. Blindfolded, and enveloped in a sack, he was to swing from a flying trapeze, and catch hold, in his flight, of a thin rope. Well, the spectators must have been blindfolded instead of the performer, for not one of them could "see it," and it is shrewdly suspected that it was a dodge to pull the wool over the eyes of the ever-faithful. We hear of startling performances all over the world. In England, at a theatre where a pantomime was the attraction, a horse performer galloped off the stage and out into the street with the Harlequin clinging to his back, and away they went, man and beast, along one of the principal thoroughfares. The people, no doubt, thought it a very clever feat, but had Harlequin known before hand the result of his getting on the horse's back, he would have backed out, no doubt. The long run of the animal in the street had the effect of giving the piece a long run in the theatre. "Our Jim" brings a curious report to us as to the mode by which the blackest hair is now transformed into the blondest. He says the change is effected at regular dying establishments where "old clothes are made to look equal to new;" that the young lady who desires her jetty tresses changed is dipped into a vat of dye stuff, and then dried off in a room heated to a temperature of 112 degrees; that the first dip results in a brickdust red, the second developes a carroty yellow, and the third and last eventuates in that soft and delicate blonde which is now seen on the heads of fashion on the street as well as in the theatres. ——An inexperienced super was fined one week's salary, a few days since, for turning off the gas at one of our theatres just at the time the "realms of bliss" should have been made light and brilliant. "Our Jim" thinks it was a *light* sentence——Our very streets are infected with a strange theatrical disease just now, and no man can look at the many-colored bills posted on our dead walls without getting a "Caste" in his eye, which makes all around appear "Red Hot," the effect of which is greatly heightened by seeing "Pluto" in close proximity. Seek to escape this terrible sight, and you come at once upon "Forty Thieves," who follow you wherever your steps take you. Where are the police, and what is the Mayor's Marshal about?——Among the newly imported wonders engaged to appear in "Sinbad," at Niblo's Garden, is one with the musical title of Flageolet. Now if this gentleman should turn out to be no better than many of those who have preceded him, he must not complain should he find Flageolet played upon by our funny contemporaries——"Jeems, its time we had a few rhymes; you don't seem to be attending to your business this morning." "How can a man attend to his own bis. when he has to make jokes for the boss to pan off as his'n?"

"Well, give her a turn or two." "Kin I oil her? I think it makes her run easier." "It don't seem to make you run easier." "If I get enuff it does, but a *little* fresh oil don't do no good no ways." "Talking about oil, Jimmy, what is the difference between an alligator and a lady's gaiter?" "I don't know." "No difference, for in me prowlins round at night I see many a lady's gaiter turned into an alley gaiter, I do." "The difference between the two is, that one contains cork, and the other cork's foot." "I don't see no smartness in that; the way you talk about lady's gaiters and feet, a fellow might think you had a good stock-in' trade." "Start her, James, tenderly."

TO AN ALLEY GATER.

Go, lady, lean to your light guitar,
And sing a song to your lover,
The old romance that he loves so well,
And sing it over and over.
O, other voices may be as sweet,
And may be as soft and tender;
But not to *his* ears is there such an one
As yours, you Grecian Bender.

But if perchance, he may tire of this,
An want you to sing an iher
Of the modern sort—all sentiment
You can in your bosom smother,
And tune your guitar to a livelier strain,
A little louder and faster,
And give him one of those stunnin' songs
That are sung by Tony Pastor.

——Complimentary benefits, testimonials, and calls to play have been quite the thing of late. The invaluable services of tragedian, comedian, dancer, singer, dramatist, etc., have been fully and faithfully recognised by an indulgent public, and much flimsy lucre has been the drossful result of these offerings; but until now the claims of that hard-working, truthful and trusty class—the supernumeraries—have been entirely overlooked. But the night is past, and the bright harbinger of day lights up the rugged steps up which the long suffering, ever patient super, is forced to climb, and toil like Mr. Pilgrim going up the hill with his little bundle slung over his back. Yes, the year of the Boston Jubilee is come, the dark ages of super-stition are passing away, and the genial light of truth and good will to man is breaking through the black clouds which have so long left our friends in darkness and in bondage. Read the following correspondence:—

NEW YORK, May 20, '69.

TO JIM GRIMSON, *Esq., Head Super and Leader of the Hostile Forces:*

SIR:—We, the undersigned, have long witnessed your arduous struggles in your efforts to uphold the supremacy of the drama at a time when the legitim te so greatly needs a sustaining power; we have witnessed with pride your endeavors to keep your men in line when in adverse fortunes compared upon them the proud heights of vanquished Quito; we have seen you, in the thickest of the fight, in the rear of your army, forcing them to the attack, and preventing the cowardly retreat by which all warriors are wont to be thrown into when the means of retreat are open behind them; we have gazed upon your Herculean labors, when, with a table in one hand and a chair in each of the others, you have so signally developed those attributes of genius which compel you to the front in getting up of gits so as to take me completely by surprise, and will also show you where to procure bouquets at half price, and how to manage so as to have one bouquet thrown upon the stage four or five times, a gift only other known to the Duke of Wellington, Gen. U. S. Grant, and 500 others, may be ignorant. With assurances of my distinguished consideration, I have the honor to subscribe myself, Your affectionate friend, JIM GRIMSON, Esq.

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and 500 others.

(REPLY.)

Theatre, New York, May 22, 1869.

GEN. U. S. GRANT, JAMES DUBESSY, ESQ., AND 500 OTHERS.

Gentlemen—The flag-staff business is over, your polite favor of the 20th is now before me. I have no words to express the emotion that fills my breast, as I read and re-read, your very interesting communication; but down deep in my heart there is a well-spring of thankfulness which overflows and submerges all other thoughts, and leaves not a wrack behind. The duties of a supernumerary are many and arduous, and no gentleman can faithfully discharge those duties unless he has served an apprenticeship at the profession as I have. Deep Child Jim Dees, in the art of carrying off of a chair, a table, a banquet hall; but these are trivial compared to those required of our class when the bustle is to be stirred, or the hope is selected to destroy a nation. The outside world can have but a faint idea of the danger and perils we encounter when a deadly battle rages. The star actors look upon us as so many butcher hooks, and they cut and slash away as if we were emigrants one hundred days at sea, and no friends on board. And in these stage fights we are forced to act as though we were in earnest, and many an ugly gash have I received in the strict performance of my onerous duties. The delivery of a letter requires politeness and gentlemanly instincts, the accompanying text, "A letter, me lord," if not delivered naturally, is apt to bring down the house and thus destroy the star's best scene. We are frequently compelled, after capturing Sebastopol, or some other formidable fortress, to put on tights, and make love to the *ballet* girls; and as our legs are not padded as nicely as those of the ladies, we make a sorry appearance, and I always go in terribly. Your modest request is by no means enviable, and I think if Mr. Berah and 500 others would organize a society for the prevention of cruelty to supers, it would be a merciful thing. But I do not intend to trouble you further in this connection. I keep your kind offer in view, and will name Theatre as the place, and Saturday evening, May 29th, as the time. In selecting the pieces to be performed, the committee will please choose such as will give our class a chance to display themselves as warriors. You have seen me as the fighting man in the genteel comedy banqueting hall. Mr. James Dubessy, of your committee, who is a staunch friend of the supers, will give you every information I require in regard to get outfits for the occasion. I am getting up of gits so as to take me completely by surprise, and will also show you where to procure bouquets at half price, and how to manage so as to have one bouquet thrown upon the stage four or five times, a gift only other known to the Duke of Wellington, Gen. U. S. Grant, and 500 others, may be ignorant. With assurances of my distinguished consideration, I have the honor to subscribe myself, Your affectionate friend, JIM GRIMSON, Esq.

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Gentlemen—The flag-staff business is over, your polite favor of the 20th is now before me. I have no words to express the emotion that fills my breast, as I read and re-read, your very interesting communication; but down deep in my heart there is a well-spring of thankfulness which overflows and submerges all other thoughts, and leaves not a wrack behind. The duties of a supernumerary are many and arduous, and no gentleman can faithfully discharge those duties unless he has served an apprenticeship at the profession as I have. Deep Child Jim Dees, in the art of carrying off of a chair, a table, a banquet hall; but these are trivial compared to those required of our class when the bustle is to be stirred, or the hope is selected to destroy a nation. The outside world can have but a faint idea of the danger and perils we encounter when a deadly battle rages. The star actors look upon us as so many butcher hooks, and they cut and slash away as if we were emigrants one hundred days at sea, and no friends on board. And in these stage fights we are forced to act as though we were in earnest, and many an ugly gash have I received in the strict performance of my onerous duties. The delivery of a letter requires politeness and gentlemanly instincts, the accompanying text, "A letter, me lord," if not delivered naturally, is apt to bring down the house and thus destroy the star's best scene. We are frequently compelled, after capturing Sebastopol, or some other formidable fortress, to put on tights, and make love to the *ballet* girls; and as our legs are not padded as nicely as those of the ladies, we make a sorry appearance, and I always go in terribly. Your modest request is by no means enviable, and I think if Mr. Berah and 500 others would organize a society for the prevention of cruelty to supers, it would be a merciful thing. But I do not intend to trouble you further in this connection. I keep your kind offer in view, and will name Theatre as the place, and Saturday evening, May 29th, as the time. In selecting the pieces to be performed, the committee will please choose such as will give our class a chance to display themselves as warriors. You have seen me as the fighting man in the genteel comedy banqueting hall. Mr. James Dubessy, of your committee, who is a staunch friend of the supers, will give you every information I require in regard to get outfits for the occasion. I am getting up of gits so as to take me completely by surprise, and will also show you where to procure bouquets at half price, and how to manage so as to have one bouquet thrown upon the stage four or five times, a gift only other known to the Duke of Wellington, Gen. U. S. Grant, and 500 others, may be ignorant. With assurances of my distinguished consideration, I have the honor to subscribe myself, Your affectionate friend, JIM GRIMSON, Esq.

To U. S. Grant, James Dubessy, and 500 others.

This is a well deserved tribute to a worthy man, and we shall be greatly pleased to have an opportunity to chronicle its entire success..... ("James Dubessy, Esq., how came you to compromise us in this manner? Don't you know that it is unseemly to assist in any testimonial to such *poor* classes of the theatrical profession? You have never seen anything of the kind done before." "Why, General Grant is with us you know." "Yes, but they put Gen. Grant's name to that bill without his authority. Now, if it was for a testimonial to a man of some importance, the case would be different; your name to such a call would reflect credit on us all; but for one of that poor class, it's an entirely different thing. They never succeed, and in their failure show to the public how devoid of influence are those who connect themselves with such a silly project." "Well, but Grimson ain't one of yer low chaps; he's a big gun among the profesh." "Yes, but still he's a mere super. There is no chance for reciprocating, and the thing must fail. It was but a few weeks ago, James Dubessy, Esq., that a benefit was tendered the widow of a once bland and popular actor. What was the result? The actor was dead and gone; the poor widow, lone and desolate, it was known could not reciprocate in any way except through sincere and heartfelt thanks, which don't pass current now-a-days, and the entire affair was a fizzle. The motto that most people adopt now is, 'help those who can help themselves.'" "Yes, but how in the hell can a supe help himself if he hain't got nothin'?" "That's just it, you innocent squab; you mean well, James, and it does honor to your head and heart; but go *with* the tide, not against it; when the supe has made his mark in the world, *then* go for him, James Dubessy, Esq." "Had I best git General Grant and 500 others to drop it?" "Yes, and Grimson will save money by it, and our establishment and reputation will not be compromised." "Enuff said; me and the General will fix things.] Hello, here's the Man in the Flies with a lot of *his* stuff. I wonder you publish such outlandish gibberish. What's *he* knows about Mr. Shakespeare, I'd like to know. Jim Grimson forgits more in a day than he *ever* knew. Shall I pitch it in the basket?" "No, James, let us hear these last

NOTES ONTO SHAKESPEARE."

BY THE MAN IN THE FLIES.

MISTER EDDITER CLIPPER.—SIR.—The plays o W. Shakespear is remmarkabel for the juicy wit, the sparklin satyr, witch karacterizes it from the word go. His Falistiff is one o these exooberunt cremations, and it will be evident to the pashent sholard as it were that never a pote repites isself. Ow unyversal is poppilarity as ben, I need ardly say, sence is idees as well as is langidge as been incorporated into most everything as was ever ritten, from the new testamint to the istory o Great Brittin, Lundun, Paretch, Eury Ward Beechart's sermins, and the leaden editorials of all the daily newspapers. Lots o' money as ben quoted outen im, an, in fac, I doan know wat our enterprisen pubblishers would do for a livvin if it wasn't for old Shakesy and the oly Scripters, both o witch they gits for notthink. Ow e revels in the outgushins of is spontanous umor, like a young coalt a kickin up is eels in a clover parster! E is speshly appy hin is delinaitrations o fat men; in fac, fat fellers, from Daniul Lambert, the Fat Boy in Pickwick, and the fat ow man, down to Fatty Skivers, oo skins eals in the markits and takes is pay in the skins, as allus ben favoret butts with the pubblick—p'raps becors theyr so jolly! Fallstiff is a refreshin case in pint. E exoods wit an fun as a fat darky exoods greas cookin o pork stakes over a roosin fier, or shovvelin coal in the ingine room on a steamboat. E is hall hunkshon. "E lards the lean yairth as ee walks." Wasn't e a prime speciment of a gay deceiver! Hif, as they say, there was a general o that name wat id give offence to Shakes, I think e id im! In the great p ay of Eury IVth, scene 2th, the ole knife grunts like a edgeog at is own defirmities. "The brane of foolish man asn't ben able to invent anythink that tends to lafter, mor'n I invent or is invented on me." I am not one} witty myself, but the cause of wit in others." But ere Shakesy should a stopt, for to compare im to a sow with a big litter was scrimly personal, and savers slitely, I think, of disrespec. From the familiarity he tretes the Prints. Hal and its all e ever tretes *everybody* with, it is evident that e was sum punkens soshall; also, e wor good close and bought a oss in Smithfield, and was def in ears, if we may leeve the poit. B cood dans, could Fallsty, for noe where e says:—"E that will caper with me for a thousan marks, let im lend me the dingbats and av at im," or words to that effec. E was a letcherus ole skezzicks, though e was deth on the wimmen, avin swore to wed ole Mistris Ursula, and tried to come Brigam Young over three wives at once, young married ladys o the town o Windsor; and no dout if sall land safe in the Mysteries then ed a carried is pint. Owever, e was a cross between the New York Ruff and the Baltymoore Plug Ugly, with a slite infusion of the Filimadelfi Bud Tub, for e wood call for is glass o tanglefoot at the bar, and would sho fite to wonce on been askd to pay. And *there's* a ostess for you! She starts in to seu im for er bill, and yit she lends im another ten pound—and serves im with the best in er larder! no two ways about it, she is a reglar trump. With these facts in view, and deeply sensible of the honor I have made to assume the part of, you, I respectfully tender you a compl mentary testimonial benefit, to take place at any theatre you may select, and at any time you may name, an early reply will oblige, yours respectfully,

James Guthteridge, Esq., President Wheat and Indian Bank;
J. Markoe Delancy, Esq., Commissioner of Good Deeds;
Hon. Jethro Isaacs, M. C. from 144 District, N. Y.;
White C. Lyttleton, United States Associated Press;
James Dubessy, Esq., ("Our Jim") President Travelers' Home;
P. Jackson Jimmerson, Editor *Long Island Wassle*;
Gen. U. S. Grant, President United States of America;
James W. X. Peabody, New York Councilman
Girard William Abercombie, 1400th National Bank;
and 500 others.

(REPLY.)

Theatre, New York, May 22, 1869.

GEN. U. S. GRANT, JAMES DUBESSY, ESQ., AND 500 OTHERS.

Gentlemen—The flag-

having afforded us several fine pieces of acting in the course of last winter. His bill was a very long one, consisting of 'Dreams o' Delusion,' cast to Mrs. Chanfrau, Miss Anderson, Robinson, Daly, Griffin and Bascomb; 'His Last Victory,' with Mrs. Barry, Miss Anderson and Miss Harris, Messrs. Le Moyne, Daly, Bascomb, Josephs, Pearson and Billings; and 'Loan of a Lover,' with Stuart Blanchard and Louise Anderson. Although the house was small, it was enthusiastic. Robinson's Sir Bernard Harleigh, in 'Dreams of Delusion,' was admirable, and may be considered as one of his best parts. On Wednesday 'Billiards' was repeated, with 'Dreams of Delusion,' Thursday Harry Pearson's benefit occurred, when 'Ladies Battle' and 'Dot' were presented to a full house. In the first piece Mrs. Chanfrau, Louise Anderson, Robinson, Vandenhoff and Daly appeared; in the last, Mrs. Barry, Miss Harris, Miss Anderson, Pearson, Le Moyne, Griffiths, Stuart Robson and Bascomb took part. In every way it was a success, and the audience was exceedingly enthusiastic. Friday, 'Billiards' and 'Sunshine Through the Clouds' were the bill. The last had never been played in Boston, and met with quite a success at the hands of Mr. Chanfrau, Miss Harris and Miss Cary, Messrs. Griffiths, Vandenhoff and Bascomb. The same bill this afternoon. Miss Harris takes a benefit to-night, with 'Spirit of '76' and 'Mazeppa.'.....At the Museum a revival of 'Rosedale' has been the attraction for the week. This play has always been very attractive here, and Manager Field usually brings it to his assistance when other things fail to attract. The only difference in the cast, from that as presented last year, is in the part of Elliot Gray, Mr. Barron assuming the part in place of Mr. Shewell, now a member of Selwyn's company.....The Comiques draws quite well with 'Humpty-Dumpty,' but I am afraid it will not have a success equal to that in New York. Eva Brent and Irene Gay are in the cast, and Mdlles. Diani and Lupo are principal *dan-s-s*. The tricks are quite good, and the clown is well played by Fraser, but Boston Theatres depend too much upon local patronage for their success, and a thing like 'Humpty Dumpty' is not the kind to attract for any great length of time.....The Howard Athenæum continues on the even tenor of its way, always successful. Just now the attractions are Mdlle. Carlotta Thurnour, called 'the Queen of the Air, who is really very good; Wm. M. Reeve, Ethiopian comedian; the Thompson Brothers with their dogs, Hector and Rover, and the regular double company.....The seasons close here as follows:—Selwyn's June 5—the theatre then to be occupied by Lingard and troupe; Boston, May 29—Tony Denier playing a summer season with 'Humpty Dumpty;' Comique, whenever 'Humpty Dumpty' fails to attract; Museum, July 3; while the Howard continues through the summer, I believe."

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Buffalo, N. Y., business the past week is said to have been first rate. The Zavistowski Sisters made their first appearance on the 15th in the musical burlesque of "Ixion," which was played for three nights, preceded each evening by a comedietta. On the 21st "Ernani" and the "French Spy" were played to a full house. On the 22d "Po-ca-hon-tas" and the "French Spy" were played in the evening. The Haulon Combination are the current stars, opening on the 24th for three nights. On the 27th W. J. Hurley takes his benefit. The orchestra has been tendered a "Soiree," on the 28th. Lotta opens on the 31st, and it is rumored that the Elise Holt Troupe will follow her. .....Miss H. E. Bailey has so far recovered from her late accident as to resume her position on the boards.

LATEST FROM THE FAR WEST.—Madame Scheller continues on her successful tour in Colorado. She is now playing at Central City, Colorado.....Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter are playing at the Museum, in Cheyenne. They gave "Richard III" with four people. J. E. Howe (from Brooklyn) played King Henry and Heidelberg; the Count de Vanille and Gaston, in "Loan of a Lover."..... George D. Chaplin opens at the Academy of Music, Omaha, June 1st, for two weeks, and then goes to Salt Lake City for four weeks.....Fanny Morgan Phelps closed her engagement at the Salt Lake Theatre on the 8th of May.....It has been but moderately successful. On the 10th Lucy produced the "Octoroon," with a fine tableau, "The Lay of the Last Rail." Miss Adams has appeared again on the Salt Lake Boards. Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Miss Annie Ward and Mr. Harris, all from Omaha, will be added to the Salt Lake Company. Gentile actors are gradually crowding themselves into the Salt Lake Theatre.....White Pine offers little inducement for dramatic exploitation this season.

MR. CHARLES WAVERLY, late of Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, has been secured by Spalding, Bidwell and MacDonough as leading man for Memphis.

MISS JENNIE HIGHT commenced a season of ten nights at Rouse's Hall, Peoria, Ill., on the 12th inst. Our correspondent says of her, following her 'Brigand Queen,' 'Hidden Hand,' 'French Spy,' and 'Under the Gaslight.' The opening piece was for Blow, followed by 'Brigand Queen,' 'Hidden Hand,' 'French Spy,' and 'Under the Gaslight.' The company is composed of the following ladies and gentlemen:—Miss Jennie Hight, Miss Sarah Wallace, Mrs. R. J. Miller, Carrie Wright, Lida Jaxon, B. A. Hight, Harry Hight, Wallace Britton, A. H. Hastings, Harry Duncan, Edwin Wright, G. W. Warveld, J. E. Hayes, J. W. Smith, L. Sidwell and J. B. Westendorf. Their route ahead is Decatur, Bloomington, Springfield, Rockford and Ottawa, opening at Decatur on the 20th inst.

CALIFORNIA THEATRICALS.—From San Francisco we are advised of the doings in the show world by a correspondent, who, under date of May 10th, says:—"We live in a world of pleasure, and that in a sense of ever changing amusements; in short, we are the easiest and most flighty people in the world. What with a dozen different places of amusement, open every evening, and various head-ed entertainments and side shows, opportunity enough is offered to satisfy a community of about 125,000 inhabitants. At the new California Theatre the chief feature of the past week was a benefit tendered to Emilie Melville, which came off on the 6th, and the comedy of 'The Wonder' and 'Ixion' were produced. The audience was one of the largest ever seen within the walls of that theatre. After the first piece the fair little *beneficiaire* was called before the curtain and presented with a purse containing fifty golden twenty dollar pieces. She was nearly buried in boquets. John T. Raymond took a benefit on the 4th, when he played Asa Trenchard in 'Our American Cousin,' with Annette Ince as Florence. Charlotte Thompson announces her engagement on the 10th as Pauline in the 'Lady of Lyons'.....Murphy and Mack's Minstrels are drawing crowded houses at the opera house.....Heller enters upon his last week at the Metropolitan Theatre. He has not proved a success. Miss Rosa Heller made her *debut* as acted as Soothsaye- on Heller's second night. He goes hence to Australia.....Amy Stone is playing to moderate houses at the Alhambra. The burlesque of 'Humpty Dumpty' is announced for early production.... Harry Courtaine, or at least as much as was left of him by an infuriated bear, appears at the Olympic Theatre, over which it is rumored that Sheridan Corbyn presides as manager. Master Farren put in an appearance on the 5th. A tickle-o pe thing, entitled 'Ladies' Gymnasium,' is promised for the 10th. It is understood to be an exhibition of feminine muscular development.....Wilson pulls up stakes this week, and starts with his circus for the interior. Harry Jackson was engaged as clown, but he is not a success.....The Bella Union, with Ocean, and the Pacific Melodeon, with the bouncing Ella La Rue in 'Mazeppa,' are doing well. Johnny O'Neil .....'Ixion' will be presented at the Opera House next week, by the dramatic company, with Charles Wheatleigh in the company.....Kennedy, the Scotch balladist, gave three concerts during the past week. The hall was filled every time..... *Interior News.*—Gerstine the Warden and the California Minstrels gave two entertainments during the past week.....Hartz, the Sacramento Illusionist, was at Stockton at last accounts.....McCulough and Stark are in Virginia City, doing Shakespeare. .....The Howson Family are at Truckee, making their way to New York.....The Bates season at Portland, Or. gron, has terminated without any pecuniary gain to the manager; this is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that Chas. Wheatleigh occupied three-fourths of the season.....John Woodward has espoused Fanny Hanks. Miss Clara, of Blaisdell's Swiss Bell Ringers, was married at White Pine, on the 28th of April, to L. B. Moore.....Robert Fulford has just returned from a professional tour through the silver region, in conjunction with the Beauty troupe.....Mrs. Bates took a benefit in Portland, Oregon, on April 27th. At the close of the piece Mrs. Bates was called in front of the curtain, and, in a few appropriate words, tendered her thanks to the people of Portland for the liberal patronage bestowed. Just as she was about to return to the rear side of the platform Mr. Bates appeared upon the right. Bowing to him, he said, as manager, he thanked her for her unflagging efforts to make the engagement of the troupe in Portland a success, and in appreciation of her merit presented her a beautiful diamond set, and the audience showed their pleasure at this reward of true ability by prolonged cheering.....Perpont Thayer took a benefit on the 29th."

RICHARD STEPHENS, well known in the profession as "Uncle Dick," an impersonator of "old men," died in Cleveland, Ohio, on May 17th, of consumption, aged 52 years. For the past three seasons he has been connected with the Academy of Music company, in Cleveland, Ohio, where he was an Englishman by birth, but had been in this country for many years. Mrs. Marian Stephens, his wife, age, she was born in Tiverton, Devonshire, England, in 1817; made his first appearance on the stage August 24th, 1846, at the Boston Theatre, Mass., as Captain Dixon in the "Irish Lion."

ALICE MARRIOTT opened a brief engagement at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, Canada, on the 17th inst., as Julia, in "The Hunchback." At the close of the fourth act she was called before the curtain. "Bianca" was presented on the 18th, followed on the 19th by "Ingomar."

THE RE-OPENING of the Little Rock, Ark., theatre, under the management of John A. Stevens, has been attended with success. A correspondent says:—"The manager has presented a succession of legitimate pieces, with new scenery and appointments, to a succession of excellent houses, which will no doubt continue for three weeks. 'The Hunchback,' 'Othello,' 'Hamlet,' 'Lady of Lyons,' 'Honeymoon,' 'East Lynne,' 'Ticket of Leave Man,' 'Marble Heart,' and 'London Assurance' have been given, with Miss Alice Gray in the leading *roles*. Annie Vaughn, *soubrette*, has become a favorite. John A. Stevens, the manager, is a leading actor who has made himself popular here.

MRS. FRANK MORDAUNT will be tendered a complimentary benefit *matinee* on Saturday afternoon, 29th inst., at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. Mrs. John Drew has kindly consented for the Arch Street company to perform on the occasion.

MRS. ROBERT BUTLER BUTCHER (formerly Miss Amelia Wells, and daughter of the late celebrated John Grimaldi Wells), who died in New York city on the 14th inst., was interred in the family vault, at Monument Cemetery, Broad street, Philadelphia, on the 17th inst. The funeral was largely attended, the pall bearers being Messrs. Frank Smith, Jas. Pilgrim, Paul Berger and Alexander Thomas.

His lady enjoyed a large circle of friends in Philadelphia, her native city, who mourn her loss. The following lines are respectfully dedicated to her memory by a fond acquaintance of the family:—

Alas! earth's fairest blossoms
Fall sooner to decay,
And this dear one, and all our hopes,
Faded and passed away;
But weep not for the blest,
Who sweetly sing to rest,
For the bards of affection must never;
Rather hope in thy pain
That land to gain,
Where dear ones are united forever. J. P.

MESSRS. D. P. BOWERS has been secured for the Spalding, Bidwell and MacDonough circuit of the Southern theatres for the coming fall and winter season.

OPERA, ST. LOUIS THEATRICALS.—We are advised by our correspondent, "Hamlet," up to May 20th. He says:—"The principal event of the week has been the complimentary benefit of the veteran manager, N. M. Ludlow, tendered by the old citizens of St. Louis. Kate Reignolds kindly gave up the night of the 18th, and also volunteered for the occasion. The piece selected was 'Heir at Law,' which was given with the following fine cast:—N. M. Ludlow as Dr. Pangloss, Ben De Bar as Zekiel, G. D. Chaplin as Dick Dowlass, Miss Reignolds as Cicely, Mrs. E. Stone as Caroline Dormer and Mrs. Post as Lady Duberly. There was a fine house present. In response to repeated calls Mr. Ludlow made a speech, during which he said:—'I claim the credit, if credit there be, of being the first man who planted the banner on the west bank of the Mississippi. It was the first man, with a regularly organized company, to represent dramatic representations west of the Mississippi river, commencing at New Orleans in the fall of 1817. Two years afterwards I came to this city, in the interval having appeared in Nashville, Tenn., Huntsville, Ala., and in other Southern cities, and five years later in Mobile. When I first came to Missouri in 1819, it was a territory. St. Louis had about 4,000 inhabitants, and it was a small a city that all my friends considered my visit a wild adventure, and tried to dissuade me from the undertaking. But I was ripe for adventure. I was young then, and youthful blood rich and warm stirred within me. I have not regretted the step, for friendships tried and true have I found here. This is the last time in which we shall meet face to face in our present public relations, and as a last word, you will pardon me for uttering it, I must say farewell.' This was Mr. Ludlow's first appearance for seventeen years, and now his final farewell appearance on the mimic stage.....At De Bar's Opera House on the 14th, for benefit, Miss Reignolds gave 'Shadow of a Crime' and 'Richelieu at Sixteen,' she appearing as Grace Holden in the former and Richelieu in the latter. Chaplin gave the jealous Edgeworth in good style. Messrs. Norman, Fisher and Rogers gave their respective parts of Rasheigh, De Merriton and Maquilp, as did also Mrs. Stone as Constance, and Mrs. Post, Mrs. Gibbs. The same bill was repeated on the 15th. On the 17th 'Much Ado About Nothing' was given, with Miss Reignolds as Beatrice, De Bar as Dogberry, and Chaplin as Benedict. On the 18th and 20th 'Armadale or Fate' was given. Next (this) week Mr. and Mrs. Selden Irwin appear."

THE ZAVISTOWSKI SISTERS have treated the Buffalonians to a pleasant surprise during the past week by their performance of "Ixion;" so much so that the press felt a pressure which they could not suppress to express its approval, as is shown by the following quotation from the *Courier* of the 16th inst.:—"The attendance at the Academy of Music last night was quite large. Previous to the advent of the Zavistowski Sisters, the comedietta, 'Captain of the Watch,' was performed, with Mr. Wheelock in her pretty part of Katryn. The piece passed off very pleasantly, and at its close the somewhat celebrated mythological burlesque of 'Ixion' was inaugurated, and the audience had introduced to them the three dashing sisters, Emeline, Christine, and Alice Zavistowski. The burlesque itself is a sublime compound of funny nonsense, which we familiarly term *vide* puns,' excessively ludicrous situations, popular songs, first rate dances, and rollicking humor generally. Miss Emeline personated Ixion, and did it with a will. She acts, sings and dances with an ease and *abandon* which must make her decidedly popular with the admirers of burlesque hereabouts. She is good looking, agile, graceful, sings well, as burlesque vocalization goes, dresses in style, dances elegantly, and puts vim in everything she does. A number of her performances were *encored*, and all of them applauded. Christine appeared as Jupiter, and looked quite charmingly. She sings reasonably well; in the purely burlesque business she is decidedly effective, and her dances are capital. She is lightning on the pedals. But the interest of the audience gravitates to the gem of the burlesque, the charming Celestial Telegraph Boy, Miss Alice. This little pet leaves off tugging at the strings thereof until the curtain goes down on the last scene, and the dangerously charming witch is hidden from the longing gaze of the admiring hundreds. She is beautiful of fun naturally, and she has that delightful faculty of investing all her characters with a large share of it to overflowing good nature. Miss Alice has a graceful little creature and the pet of the trio, did Mercury, and a most bewitching performance it was. Alice is 'sweet sixteen,' we should think, is highly mercurial, light as a fawn, has a head of hair which makes Lucca's most elaborate chignon look tame, a pair of eyes that fairly sparkle with fun, a good voice, and a buoyancy of manner that renders her fascinating. Her fun is contagious, and she enters into it with downright energy. Her song and dance, 'Little Nell,' would have excited the envy of Emerson himself could he have seen it, and in everything else she was *au fait*."

THE ZAVISTOWSKI SISTERS open an engagement of one week at the Rochester, N. Y., Theatre, on the 24th, in "Ixion."

A NUMBER OF OPPORTUNITIES are offered by Messrs. Davis & Co., the Cincinnati dramatic agents, for engagements in various specialties, &c., in their weekly bulletin in the CLIPPER. See in another column.

BIDWELL AND LOCKE'S COMPANY appeared in Worcester, Mass., May 15th to a good house, in "Leah" and "Yankee in Hungary." Dollie Bidwell as Leah, says a correspondent, "made a decided hit, rendering the character with power, and receiving the hearty plaudits of the audience, and was twice called before the curtain. She was supported by the several members of the company. Yankee Locke, in the afterpiece, was warmly received and kept the audience in a continual roar."

LAURA KEENE was to open in Worcester, Mass., on the 24th, with her dramatic company, in "Hunted Down," to be followed on the 25th by "School."

T. W. DAVEY is in St. Louis, forming a traveling company styled the "White Rose Combination." He opens in Chester, and goes thence to Cairo and up the Ohio river.

MISS SCOTT SIDDONS may be communicated with on business through Mr. A. Major, as per advertisement in another column. The lady sails for Europe on the 2d prox.

THEATRICAL HOSIERY, circus clothing, etc., may be procured at R. B. Kent's establishment, No. 125 Bowery, N. Y. See advertisement.

GEORGE ATKINS, late of Niblo's Garden, and at present at the Theatre Comique, will be disengaged after the 20th inst.

OWEN S. FAWCETT will play the *role* of Clotilda, in "Pluto," after this week.

A LOT OF MANUSCRIPT PLAYS are advertised for sale by Thompson & Riggs, dramatic agents.

THE MEMBERS of the Zoe Dramatic Troupe publish a card in this issue, thanking the manageress for her kindness and liberality during their recent tour.

MR. E. T. Stetson, tragedian, can be engaged by addressing as directed in his advertisement, which appears in another column.

BIDWELL AND LOCKE'S COMPANY closed a five nights' stay in Fall River, Mass., on the 21st, with a benefit to Dollie Bidwell, who appeared as Lady Isabella in "East Lynne." The house was crowded. The company were to play in Taunton, Mass., on the 22d, in "Lady Audley's Secret" and "Bobtails and Wagtails," and are to be this week in Salem and Portsmouth three nights each, and open in Belfast, Me., on June 1st, for two weeks.

Musical.

OPEN AIR CONCERTS, which were the source of much pleasure last season at Peoria, Ill., are to be commenced again on the 1st of June, the music to be furnished by Spencer's Light Guard band, of twenty-one pieces.

THE UNION HARMONIC SOCIETY, of Morrisania, N. Y., gave a concert on the 17th inst., and had a full house. The first part of the programme consisted of "The Maid Queen," in which Miss Maria Brainard sang the soprano; Mrs. John Henry, contralto; Mr. Geo. Weeks, tenor; and Mr. Alfred Petit, bass. Conductor Bristow had every reason to be gratified at the result of his drilling. Of the second part, Miss Brainard's "Come Live With Me" was the very essence of melody, and was deservedly *encored*; Hoffman and Bristow's piano duet; Bassford's piano solo; Bouland and Weed's "Larboard Watch;" and Mrs. Henry's solo of "Sommo Cielo," assisted by Messrs. Bristow and Hoffman on the violin and piano, respectively, were the prime features.

THE FIRST MASS REHEARSAL of the Boston singers in the Peace Jubilee chorus, numbering over 3,000, took place in Music Hall on the evening of the 20th inst.

AUBER, the composer, now in his 86th year, is not expected to live through the summer, as his health is failing very fast.

THE JERSEY CITY HARMONIC SOCIETY gave their closing concert on the 20th inst., at which there was a full attendance. W. F. Sherwin wielded the baton, W. W. Keenan accompanied on the piano, and J. R. Thomas sang solos. Mrs. Sheppard warbled sweetly, very, and W. K. Bassford manipulated the keys delicately but precisely. There were eighty chorus singers, and the two madrigals, "Since First I Saw Your Face" and "Sigu No More, Ladies," were heartily *encored*.

THE PEAK AND BERGER FAMILIES, BELL RINGERS, were to open in Galveston, Texas, on May 24th, for one week, and go thence to Houston, 31st, for one week, and then turn, playing back up the Mississippi river to Dubuque, Iowa, where they close their season of eleven months.

PHILADELPHIA MUSICAL LETTER, up to May 22d, are this reported by our correspondent:—"On Monday evening, 17th inst., at the Academy of Music, 'A Night in Granada' was performed to a slim audience. As the work is one that will have to be heard frequently to be properly appreciated, and it is not likely under any circumstances to be very popular. The instrumentation throughout is very fine, but there is a great deal of recitative which is uninteresting except to scientific musicians, and the general effect is anything but enlivening. The opera, however, contains several beautiful airs and concerted pieces, for the sake of which we would be glad to see it more frequently produced. The performance was very creditable, and Miss Edith Abell and Mr. Campbell, who sustained the leading *roles* of 'The Hunter' and 'Gabrielle,' acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the audience. On Tuesday evening, the opera of 'Il Trovatore' was given to a full house. This opera is always popular and attractive, and the performance was a fair company.....There were reinforced by Charley Bartine and Millie Marie last week, and has now a fine company.....There is talk of other parties re-opening the Cincinnati Opera House with some additions to the old company.....Several good comedians are in Porkopolis just now, among engaged, among whom are Frank Pell, Ned Reed and A. J. Talbot.....Lingard, lady performers stand the best chance for a sit at the table."

THE METROPOLITAN HALL, Washington, is in a flourishing condition. Four hours of uninterrupted fun and enjoyment is nightly indulged in by the audiences that witness each performance. Dick Parker and Tom Delahunty remain in possession of the ends, in the minstrel orchestra, and the stage manager, Dick Clarke, holds his own as interrogator. Millie Starr and Mollie Russell have withdrawn from the company. Marie Zoel sings a sentimental song in the first part prettily, and in the olio dances a clog hornpipe with a dash and vim that is greatly appreciated. Miss Zoel possesses a pretty face and pleasing figure. Mollie Fielding, vocalist, is here. Mr. Eggles' drum solo with imitations is received with much applause. Dick Parker's banjo songs are quite a feature of the entertainment. Millie Coleman, *danceuse*, put in an appearance on the 17th inst. Addie Johnson, Emma Marsh, Lizette Le Fevre and Susie Summerfield, continue to hold a membership in the company. The sketch called "The Troubadours," with the usual introduction of songs, clubs, is humorously performed by the funny trio, Parker, McIntyre and Clarke. So writes our correspondent "Novice."

LOUISA PAYNE WRAY AND ADA WRAY appeared at the Varieties, Norfolk, Va., the past week, also Millie Dulin, H. Miles, Jack Reynolds, J. B. Ferris and Charles Kane. James Johnson opened on May 17th, appearing on the tambourine end. This week Neil Rogers and Steve Rogers appear.

AT HOWARD'S VARIETIES, St. Louis, notwithstanding the further reduction of prices, business, says a correspondent, "seems to be against them. The company will probably start traveling about the 1st of June, and the house will be kept open till then. The principal feature in the olio the past week were Gene Horton's clog and jig dance; Emma Whiting's song 'Ring the Bell softly,' and Barney's song and dance, and 'Rural Arcadia.' The farces have been 'The Youth that Never Saw a Woman' and 'Marrying the Wrong Woman.'.....At Deagle's Varieties business has been good. In the olio, Cora Foster has been giving the 'Serpent Fiend,' and for an encore 'Lady Jinks.' Cora is advancing somewhat since she first came here; Johnny Smith gave his comic banjo solo, and was loudly *encored*. Conchita Rengel in his taken well and has given two new fancy dances. Johnny Carroll gave 'My Father Sould Charcoal,' and was followed by Powers and Prendergast in their double songs and dances. Alice Se dier sang the new songs. She has made herself a favorite here. Sallie Swift appeared in Indian club exercises in the early part of the evening, and Buckley made their first appearance on the 17th. The 'Female Forty Thieves' was given under the direction of Billy Pastor on May 17th.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Nashville, Tenn., Den Howe occupies the middle in the minstrel scene, with Sullivan as tambo, and Tom Williams, late of Fred Wilson's Bostonials, as bones. Williams, says a correspondent, "is making hosts of friends, and with his dog 'Hector' takes well each evening. 'Hector' is one of the finest dogs in the business. Mlle. Mordant leaves on the 22d. Henrietta in her champion jig is loudly *encored*. Miss Bella Herd and Mlle. Aryola are continued. Jessie Wray are well received. Nellie White also appears on May 20th and the young Cincinnatus on the 24th. Carleton's 'Adolphus Mornington' takes like hot cakes. Business is good. The manager, Mr. Richards, is in poor health, and contemplates a trip to the hot springs."

AT FRANK WILD'S VARIETIES, Buffalo, N. Y., the objectionable features which formerly characterized this place of amusement have been dispensed with. A new attraction has been added in the shape of a wine room, where friends of performers can meet and chat with them between the acts. The idea is not a good one, for wherever it has been introduced it has been found detrimental to the establishment. The public should never have freedom of speech with professionals during the performance, or be permitted behind the scenes.

THE RIZARELLI BROTHERS commence a two weeks' engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the 31st inst. As will be seen by a card elsewhere, Lowell and Simmonds, Dramatic Agents, are the only parties authorized to arrange time for them, and to whom all managers requiring their services should apply.

BANKER AND BRIGHTON'S CRESCENT CITY MINSTRELS, by their performances and additional gift inducements, notwithstanding the wet weather, are doing a good business in the south. They travel in company with Ames' Circus. In the troupe are the Misses Ari Holston and Rosa Lee, Mlle. Laura, Fairy Carter, Ned Banker, Tom Pound, Johnny Redden, Phil. Diffenbach and Bill Diamond.

THE DOUBLE HEADED GIRL is now under the personal direction of D. K. Prescott. She opened in Memphis, Tenn., on May 10th, and did a good weeks' business. On the 17th she appeared in St. Louis. She will be in Boston during the Jubilee week.

THE LEWIS BROTHERS, who are traveling through the west with the rope tying feat as a feature, were at Osage, Mo., on the 21st and 22d, and were to open in Potosi on the 24th for two nights, and go thence to St. Louis, May 26th, to remain one week.

THE HANLON BROTHERS, who were in Erie, Pa., on May 22d, are advertised in Buffalo, N. Y., for the 24th, 25th and 26th.

ALF. BURNETT was in Memphis, Tenn., all the past week, and for the current week will be in Grenada, Canton, Jackson, Miss., and Atlanta, Ga.

THE BROOKLYN FAMILY open at Rooney's Opera House, Cincinnati, on the 31st, for a few weeks.

KENNY AND MCCARTHY, "TABLEAU OF ERIN" opened in Montreal, Canada, on May 19th, for a brief season.

HARRY MCCARTHY, who is traveling through the South with his personation concerts, assisted by Lottie Estelle, Tom Lambkin and G. Gebert, was in Atlanta, Ga., on the 19th, and will shortly start for California overland, stopping at the principal points of interest.

CHAS. GARDINI, the character singer, has been engaged to travel with the Japanese troupe.

A COMPLETE SET of magic apparatus is advertised for sale by H. G. A.

UNION HALL, Monmouth, Ill., appears, from an advertisement in another column, to be well adapted to the wants of the profession. It seats two thousand persons, has stage, scenery and dressing rooms. Parties wishing to rent this hall can address the agent as per card.

C. MELVIN, Jr., has three new wizard tricks, which he will impart for a price. See advertisement.

A DOUBLE CLOG contest, having at issue the "championship" of Rochester and Auburn, N. Y., took place at the last named city on the 15th inst., and was decided in favor of Auburn, represented by Haines and White.

A FLYING ACT advertises for an engagement to travel or join an orchestra.

FRANKLIN HALL, Bridgeport, Conn., is advertised to rent for exhibitions of every description. For particulars see the proprietor's card in another column.

HORN AND BLOODGOOD'S COMBINATION is booked at Haverhill, Mass., for the 3d of June.

AN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, intended as a temple for operatic, dramatic and other first class entertainments, is being erected at Erie, Pa. Its architectural style and appointments are to be modern, attractive, and convenient, and, it is thought, will be ready for occupation by July 4th. Of course it will have the effect of sending Erie stock up higher. Messrs. Sell & Co., booksellers, etc., are to undertake the management of the institution.

PROF. DE LAUX gave two performances in Lehighton, Pa., on the 15th and 17th inst., and his magical and ventriloquial performances were well received. On the 22d and 24th he showed at Stroudsburg.

Amateur.

PHILADELPHIA AMATEUR THEATRICALS.—The Union played "Lucrezia Borgia" on the 24th, with a good cast. The Wheatley, on the 10th, gave "William Tell." All the plays were well sustained. On the 20th they gave a benefit for an Orphan Asylum, the bill consisting of the Shakespeare Burlesque and the "Rough Diamond"..... played at and played out drama of "Toodles," with Mr. F. W. Hudlich in the title-role. "Dick Turpin and Tom King" was the afterpiece, with Mr. Cumber as Dick and Mr. Gannis as Tom. Both plays were well executed. Tuesday, 25th, is announced for the benefit, and last night of the season. Open Cæsar de Bazan" and "Everybody's Friend" are underlined..... The Davenport played "the Rent Day" on the 20th, with Mr. Hackett as Martin Heywood, Mr. J. M. Johnson as Old Crumbs, Mr. J. C. Johnson as Toby Heywood, Mr. J. Stockton as Hull-Stockton, and Miss Bella Briggs. The show might have gone off better, for I really can't tell which cracks the whip or most, the actors or the scenes, for they both *did* stick. So writes a correspondent.

THE CINCINNATI SHAKESPEARE CLUB gave a public exhibition at Becker's Hall, in that city, on the 18th, the programme being the "Chimney Corner" and "Pocahontas." The hall was perfectly jammed, and the exhibition of both plays was fine. The old Frobities were admirably done by Messrs. Carter and Kennedy, as was Mrs. Probity. The young people of New York the opportunity of witnessing their original creation of Ixion, Minerva and Juno, as Argus, Edinburgh, and throughout the principal cities of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and lately in Philadelphia, with great success.

MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.

AMUSEMENTS.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.
JAMES FISK, Jr. ..... Proprietor.
L. BENEDICT, Stage Manager | E. COLONNE, Musical Director.
LAST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA
OF
MLLE. LUCILLE TOSTEE
ON MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY,
The great popular success,
THE HERMIT'S BELL,
With those eminent artists,
IRMA AND DECREE.
ON TUESDAY AND THURSDAY EVENINGS,
AND SATURDAY MATINEE,
BARBE BLEUE,
WITH
TOSTEE AS BOULOTTE
ON SATURDAY EVENING,
FAREWELL OF MLLE. TOSTEE,
Who will appear in two pieces.
M. LANDRY AND M. CHONFLEURIE.

THEATRE COMIQUE.
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF THE PRESENT
TRIUMPHANT SEASON.
Last night of the successful burlesque,
PLUTO,
rewritten and arranged by
MR WM. HORACE LINGARD.
which will make its 121st representation at the end of the present week. Monday and Tuesday evenings, the elegant farce, entitled
THE CAPTAIN'S NOT AT HOME.
The great original WM. HORACE LINGARD in his inimitable Sketches and Sailor Impersonations.
Last week but one of the
RECONSTRUCTED PLUTO; OR, THE MAGIC LYRE
Positively the liveliest and most elegant burlesque of the day
Monday evening, May 31, 1869, first benefit of ALICE DUNNING
Burlesque Actor, will appear in a few days in the newly created English Comedian and
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, Commencing at 2 O'Clock. 8-1c

BOWERY THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager ..... WILLIAM B. FRELIGH
UNEQUALED NOVELTY.
First nights of the engagement of the
SPLENDID EQUESTRIENNE AND PROTEAN ACTRESS,
MISS KATE USHER.
Last Week of Mr. and Mrs. EDWIN BLANCHARD, Grand Oriental Spectacle of SAZEPPA, The Wild Horse of Tartary. Miss Usher as MAZEPPA Mr. Blanchard as ARCH KHAN Miss Eastern's steed, Wonder.
Seventh Night of MR. OLIVER S. DOUD, The Drama of POOR DOCTRAY; or, The Idiot of the Mountain. Mr. BLANCHARD as DR. ANDY Mrs. BLANCHARD as SISTER SARAH Mr. Blanchard's dog, Darby.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS,
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS ..... Patrons
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS ..... Gallery ..... 50 cents
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS ..... Orchestra Chairs ..... 75 cents
First appearance of the brilliant young singer WM. DO'YLE.
DAN BRYANT and DAVE REED in GRAND CHALLENGE DANCE.
UNWORTH ..... NEGRO ..... EUGENE
Dan Bryant and Negro Seymour as the Gentlemen.
THE EBONY BLONDES.
THE EBONY BLONDES.
THE EBONY BLONDES.
THE EBONY BLONDES.
THE GREAT BURLESQUE. RED HOT.
THE GREAT BURLESQUE. RED HOT.
CROWDED NIGHTLY. POPULAR PRICES.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
FOURTEENTH STREET, NEAR 4TH AVENUE.
FIRST PERFORMANCE IN AMERICA,
after elaborate preparation, of Sardi u's heroic drama, entitled
"PATRIE"
Produced from the AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT expressly translated for this House by Mr. H. A. Dudley, and from the original models, diagrams &c., furnished by M. SARDOU from Paris.
"PATRIE" "PATRIE"
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"PATRIE" "PATRIE"
IN FIVE ACTS AND SEVEN TABLEAUX.
A GREAT CAST!
Including the following special engagements,
MR. C. W. COULDOCK ..... as ..... COUNT RYSDOR
MR. FRANK MAYO ..... as ..... CAPT. KARLOO
MR. GEORGE CLARK ..... as ..... CAPT. KARLOO
MRS. MARY GLADSTANE ..... as ..... LA TREMOUILLE
THE MORLACCHI BALLET TROUPE in Act I ..... DOLORES

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager, ... JARRETT & PALMER.
Engagement of the celebrated
LYDIA THOMPSON BURLESQUE TROUPE,
ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH PERFORMANCE,
THIS
LAST FIVE NIGHTS
OF THE
FORTY THIEVES
SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 29,
will be produced in a gorgeous style, hitherto unattempted, the spectacular Extravaganza, with entirely New scenery, Mechanical Effects, Music, Costume, Masks and Appointments, entitled
THE SAILOR; or,
LAST FIVE NIGHTS
OF THE
FORTY THIEVES
THE UNGENIAL GENII AND THE LITTLE CABIN BOY.
SUN PROLPES, assisted by the renowned CLOCHETTE TROUPE of the Chatelet, Imperial Theatre, Paris, whose wonderful grotesque dancing has electrified Europe for the last five years, and who have now been induced, at enormous expense, to visit America
FOR THE FIRST TIME.

WAVERLEY THEATRE.
Proprietor ..... G. T. RECORD. Manager ..... T. E. MORRIS.
SUMMER SEASON.—COOLEST AND MOST VENTILATED PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY. ADOPTION OF PARK COMFORTS. Orchestra Chairs, 50 cents; Dress Circle, 75c.; Balcony, 50c.; Family Circle, 25c. Reserved Dress Circle, $1. Great hit of the new burlesque PYGMALION. Miss Little Jenny as the Statue. See Little Jenny as Cupid. See Little Rogers as Cameo dancers. A superb Fairy Wednesday evening, May 26th, by request of many citizens, the great burlesque of IXION will be played to the theatre's young public of New York the opportunity of affording their little Jenny Wilmore, Miss Lizzie Hillmore and Mr. Felix Rogers in their original creation of Ixion, Minerva and Juno, as played by them over one thousand nights in London, Paris, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and throughout the principal cities of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and lately in Philadelphia, with great success.
MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2. 8-1c

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
NO. 585 BROADWAY.
UNDOUBTED SUCCESS AND FIFTH YEAR OF
BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD AND BACKUS'
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
Screams of delight at the funny
COURT SCENE.
OTHELLO AND MACBETH.
BOBBY NEWCOMB'S GREAT SONG AND DANCE.
THE UNBLEACHED BLONDES.
Terminating with the GORGEOUS PALACE SCENE.
BARBE BLUE.
The trouble begins at 8. Seats secured six days. 8-1c

THE SAN FRANCISCO HALL
can be engaged by responsible parties for the months of July and August.
8-1c Address to 585 Broadway.

NELCOUET BROTHERS,
LOUIS AND HENRI,
GYMNASTS AND AERIAL PERFORMERS, now performing a successful engagement at Tony Pastor's Opera House, will be at liberty June 7th. All communications to be addressed to their only authorized agents, THOMPSON & RIGGS, 512 B'way, N. Y. 8-1c*

DAVIS & CO.'S THEATRICAL AGENCY,
CINCINNATI, O.
P.O. BOX 752
OFFICE, CORNER ELM AND SIXTH STREET. 8-1c*

DANSEUSES and VOCALISTS
WANTED, FOR IMMEDIATE ENGAGEMENTS AT GOOD SALARIES, BY DA

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FOR MISCELLANEOUS AND SPORTING Advertisements, *twenty cents per line* or each and every insertion.

FOR NOTICES—to be inserted in our News Departments, such as notices from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line*; the same notice not to be inserted more than once.

IN OUR LEADING OR EDITORIAL Columns nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for a free and independent expression of our own opinions.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT from these rates will be made for Advertisements when paid for three months or longer in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon on Mondays, at latest, to secure their appearance in that week's issue.

ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned:

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
Nos. 89 and 91 Centre street,
Cor Leonard, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

CARD

FROM JAMES ROBINSON

MR. FRANK QUEEN,

DEAR SIR.—On my route through the Western part of New York State, I noticed in flaming posters a certain party styling himself "The Champion Bare-back Rider of the World," and as I claim that title myself having won the championship of America when I beat Hernandez, in 1856, at Washington, D. C., and decided champion of Europe when I contested with Ativerson, at Berlin, Prussia, in 1859, also, Cottrell at Madrid, Spain, in 1868; and now in order that no other man shall enjoy that reputation, without first beating me, I hereby give notice that I will ride against any man in the world, for from twenty-five hundred to ten thousand dollars a side, and will obligate myself to do more and better tricks on a bare-back horse than they can do on either bare-back or saddle. I mean business.

JAMES ROBINSON,
Gardner & Kenyon's Menagerie & James Robinson's Champion Circus. 7-31

FRANK'S OPERA HOUSE,

KANSAS CITY, MO.

This popular place of amusement will be opened for the summer season, commencing June 7th, with the Beautiful and Talented Young Artiste,

MISS LOUISE SYLVESTER,

Whose grace, versatility, vivacity, and originality has stamped her, beyond doubt, one of the finest actresses on the American stage. She will be supported by

FOSS AND ROGERS
BURLESQUE, OPERATIC, DRAMATIC COMBINATION.
7-41 J. FOSS and CHAS. S. ROGERS, Managers.

MISS MARIE WILKINS,

late of Wallack's and Winter Garden, New York, is prepared to engage with responsible managers for leading heavies or first old women, for the coming season, '69 and '70. Address 113 Bleecker street, N. Y. 7-34*

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DOUBLE CLOG
AND
DOUBLE SONG AND DANCE MEN,

Now traveling with the Worrell Sisters' Burlesque Troupe, can be engaged by addressing FOX AND WARD,
7-34* Care Clipper office, New York

FOR RENT.

TO TRAVELING COMPANIES,
THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

This beautiful establishment can be rented or taken on shares for first class entertainments, by the night or week, during the summer months. Apply to H. COREY, Proprietor. 7-38

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

Omaha, Nebraska.

First class Theatrical Artists (Ladies and Gentlemen) desiring engagements for the Fall and Winter Season, commencing Sept., address immediately, stating salary and line of business. Stamp enclosed. None but strictly sober and steady apply.

☞ STARS TREATED WITH OPEN ARMS. ☜

7-34 A. C.

LE JEUNE'S

The best bare-back horse in the world. Address

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FLY BY NIGHT CONCERNS,

as there is only one CHARLEY HAYS
MONSTER QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE,
and I always travel with the same. It is the only travelling variety entertainment

SUPPORTED AND PATRONIZED

by the elite of the Continent, filling the largest halls and theatres to the country will the most

RESPECTABLE AND FASHIONABLE LADY AUDIENCES.

Beware of all show bills not reading in full

CHARLEY HAYS' MONSTER QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE

All others are frauds. The people's obedient servant,
CHARLEY HAY,
Sole Manager and Proprietor of the Original and only Quincuplexal Entertainment in America. 7-34

JAKE BERRY,

THE LIGHTNING CHANGE VOCALIST AND COMEDIAN, with an entirely new and original wardrobe and repertoire of songs and sensation show pieces, is at liberty, and can be engaged by first class managers only. Address J. S. BERRY, 27 Hester st., city.
7-24* THOMPSON & RIGGS, 512 Broadway, New York.

TO BURLESQUE ACTRESSES.

Two burlesque actresses wanted, to travel with a well known burlesque star for a season of eight months. Address the undersigned 173 Bleecker. 7-10 THOS. S. MACDONOUGH

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No. 9 Bennet street,
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THEATRE, Wheeling, W. Va.

Lessee..... ANNIE SEFTON

The fall and winter will commence September 6th. Stars treated with on liberal terms. 7-21*

MAIN ST. OPERA HOUSE,

JOHNSTOWN, Pa. For rent by the day or week for first class, theatrical entertainments, concerts and lectures. This new brick building is now finished and fitted up in modern style, with parquet, dress and family circle four private boxes and will seat 1,50 persons; has a stage 48x32 ft., with carpet, stage furniture, foot and border lights, four dressing rooms, one green room; also drop curtain and a full set of scenery on hand. Johnstown contains 25,00 inhabitants and is situated on the Pennsylvania Railroad, 78 miles east of Pittsburgh. Terms reasonable, including gas, license, heating and janitor. Address JOHN PARKE, Proprietor,
7-30* Box 267.

M. HARTZ IN CALIFORNIA.

M. HARTZ, Illusionist, begs to inform managers who have written to him, that his engagement in California has been again renewed for FOUR MORE WEEKS, so the earliest possible date he can leave New York until the end of June. He will visit the watering places per season, during the Summer months, after which he intends taking a farewell tour of the principal cities, previous to returning from the provinces. Will be glad to hear from proprietors of Theatres or Halls, as to engagements or sharing terms or salary. Address CLIPPER office. 1-41

MAGIC APPARATUS

ON HAND AND MADE TO ORDER.
HENRY STONE, 148 Centre street, N. Y.
7-40

PROF. DE CAUX (OF ENGLAND),

just concluded first engagement in America, performing sleight of hand, Hindoo Magic, Ventriloquism, Talking Hand, a world[illegible] novelty, and Hindoo Flower Trick, &c. Is S. B. Considered best ventriloquist in U. S. Terms easy. Share or salary. ($1 *) CLIPPER OFFICE.

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Just built; everything new; stage 25x56; seating capacity 1,000; dressing rooms attached. The new, elegant and spacious hall is perfect in all its appointments, and is peculiarly adapted to all descriptions of first-class entertainments, and is now ready to be rented upon the most reasonable terms.

Address HUBBELL & EDDY,
Box 1,220, 26 Main street,
6-3m* Bridgeport
Also, bill-posting and distributing done at the shortest notice.

THEATRE FOR RENT.

THE FRONT STREET THEATRE,
BALTIMORE, MD.,

IS OFFERED FOR RENT FOR THE COMING SEASON. POSSESSION CAN BE GIVEN ON THE 15TH OF JULY NEXT. For further particulars apply to THOMAS ELLIS, No. 14 South Gay street, or WILLIAM MINNIE, No 114 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. 6-41*

MANAGERS

Wishing to arrange time with
MISS JEAN HOSMER,
can address her No. 27 seventh street, Buffalo. 6-34*

A VALUABLE PAPER.

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THE
BOSTON
SUNDAY COURIER,
with its
LARGEST GENERAL CIRCULATION
and the
LARGEST SUBSCRIPTION LIST
of any
FIRST CLASS
Sunday paper published in Boston.

The SUNDAY COURIER is especially valuable as an advertising medium.

Special attention given to the dramatic and musical department. On new type, lately introduced at great expense, and of a unique facility for displaying advertisements in the most attractive style.

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Publishers,
6-41 31 Congress street, Boston.

A LARGE, ATTRACTIVE

MUSEUM AND COSMORAMA of a new invention, with a large collection of new views. This traveling museum is in complete, and just arrived from the Paris Exhibition. For further particulars apply to G. CONSTANT, 6 South Levee, St. Louis, Mo. 6-41*

FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE.

Walnut st., above Eighth, Philadelphia.
..... Proprietor and Manager

THE THEATRE OF THE WORLD.
ONE HUNDRED ARE STILL THE RULE.

The management begs leave to inform
THE PUBLIC AND THE PROFESSION
HE WILL INAUGURATE HIS SUMMER SEASON
MONDAY EVENING MAY 31ST,
WITH THE LONGEST AND MOST TALENTED
ORGANIZATION EVER TRAVELLING IN AMERICA.

The ballet comprises
EIGHT PREMIERE DANSEUSES,
SELECTED BY
FIFTY FIRST CLASS LADIES
IN THE CORPS DE BALLET.

Will continue the entire summer months—
OPEN THE WHOLE YEAR."

Presenting the greatest and most
VARIED PROGRAMME IN THE COUNTRY,
Comprising all that is special and secret. Many engagements have been made with the
PRINCIPAL MALE AND FEMALE PERFORMERS
OF THE STAR FIRMAMENT,
Who will appear in rapid succession during the summer.

Parties desiring engagements with their vocalists will address the undersigned, stating line of business, terms, or apply to his agents, Messrs. LOWELL & IMMOND, 639 Broadway, N. Y.

FOX'S OFFICIAL CABINET.

MONS. ZAVIER LOWELL.....Ballet Department
MR. J. HUNTER RITTER.....Musical Department
MR. SAMUEL A. FORD.....Minstrel Dept. and Stage Manager

Parties supplying private programme market[illegible]

A FULL SET of Automaton

FIGURES, including the wonderful Jack Rope Dancer, FOR SALE AT A SACRIFICE. Address
7-3* W. GESTHER, Wheeling, W. Va.

ANNIE SEFTON'S COMPANY

commence the summer season at Johnstown, Pa., June 14th. Direct to Georgetown, D. C., until June 28th. 7-31*

SPECIAL NOTICE

TO TRAVELING, DRAMATIC AND MINSTREL COMPANIES.

On and after this date, all orders for TYPE Printing must be accompanied with ONE HALF THE CASH balance to be made C. O. D. All orders for our STOCK CUTS will be made C. O. D.

N. B.—Our Circular and Price List will be forwarded by mail to all persons desiring it.

J. E. JACKSON,
Letter Job Printing Office
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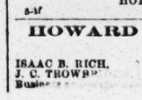

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